R. R.
ADWAY'S
DY RELIEF
pest and Best Medicine
nity Use in the World.
EL COMPLAINTS
rhes, Cholera Morbus, or painful dis-
se bowels, are stopped in fifteen to
r inflammation, no weakness or las-
e the use of the R. R. Relief.
y drops in half a tumbler of water
inutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour
ours, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dys-
Find in the Bowels, and all internal
ld always carry a bottle of Radway's
th them. A few drops in water will
, or pains from a change of water.
French brandy or bitters as a stimu
ALARIA
d Fever, Fever and
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y's Ready Relief
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ning on getting out of bed, take
drops of the Ready Relief, in a
and drink it, and eat say a cracker,
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ng With R. R. R.
EXAS.—Dr. Radway & Co.: I have
medicines for the last twenty years,
of Chills and Fever I have never
never use anything but your Ready
THOS. J. JONES.
GUE cured for 50 cents. There is
gent in this world that will cure
and all other Malarious, Bilious,
Yellow and other Fevers aided
PILLS) so quickly as Radway's
LY PAIN REMEDY
ops the most excruciating pains,
ons and cures Congestion, whether
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e to Twenty Minutes!
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ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous,
trated with disease may suffer,
ADWAY'S
Y RELIEF
FORD INSTANT EASE.
of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the
lation of the Bowels, Congestion of
Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpi-
art, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria,
, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia,
d Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness,
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g With Delight.
PA., Jan. 4, 1887.—Dr. Radway &
was suffering agony with pain in
ad, I procured your Ready Relief,
the rubbing it on was singing to
ht at my sudden relief from pain,
ow what I suffer every tew weeks,
thing that does me good.
MRS. GEO. W. HORNER.
ked Wonders.
O., La., Sept. 1886.—Dr. Radway:
ady Relief has worked wonders.
e years I have had Rheumatism,
Sciatica, sometimes extending
gions to my ankles, and at times
PROF. A. E. ROBB.
nts Per Bottle.
BY DRUGGISTS.
RADWAY'S
SAPARILLIAN
OLVENT.
t Blood Purifier.
of all Chronic Diseases
attern, Scrofula, Scrofulous Com-
ndular Swellings, Hacking Dry
Affairs Bleeding of the Lungs,
Brash, White Swelling, Tumors,
se, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt
Consumption, Liver Complaints,
LTH FOR ALL.
se sound flesh, strong bone and a
would have your flesh firm, your
complexion fair, use RAD-
SARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
derful power in curing all forms
Blood, Eruptive Diseases, Scrofula
ores, Enlarged Glands, etc., rapidly
Dr. Randolph McDonald, of St.
ds, says: "I completely and mar-
letion of Scrofula in its last stage
advice given in your little treatise."
South St. Louis, Mo., "was cured
rofula after having been given up
HE SKIN.
use of the SARSAPARILLIAN, be
l beautiful. Pimples, Blotches,
Skin Eruptions removed. Sores
cured. Persons suffering from
Diseases of the Sex, Mouth
and Glands that have accumu-
either from uncured Blood Dis-
upon a cold. If the Sarsaparilla is
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think it my duty to inform you that
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just above the ankle. This spot
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" That is just how Ruby's sore
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me told me to "go and buy a bottle
sparilla, and that will cure you."
and purchased a bottle, and no leg
less inflamed, and the sores on my
gan to heal up. To-day are sound
s to Radway's Sarsaparillian. I
ours respectfully,
JOSEPH BUSHELL
s, P. Q., QUEBEC.
s Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
ed of ingredients of extraordinary
ower to purify, heal, repair
e broken down and wasted body.
E, SAFE and PERMANENT in its
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Y ALL DRUGGISTS.
lar Per Bottle.
dway's
ILLS
t Liver & Stomach
Remedy.
less, elegantly coated with sweet
late, purify, cleanse and strengthen.
DWAY'S PILLS,
all disorders of the Stomach, Liver,
, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Con-
veness, Indigestion, Biliousness,
flation of the Bowels, Piles, and all
e internal viscera. Purely vege-
no mercury, minerals, or deleteri
per box. Sold by all druggists.
ONE OF MANY.
Co.—Gentlemen: Your pills have
sickness in my family. I now
be without them; they are a we
Most respectfully yours,
HENRY KENWORTH.
Iroquois Co., Illinois.
ysician Says of Radway's
Pills.
ur R. R. Relief and your Regulating
recommended them above all oth-
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pecifically.
DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK.
GA.
SPEPSIA.
f this disease are the symptoms of a
mach. Indigestion, Flatulence,
Stomach, Pain after Eating, Sick
ess in the most excruciating Colic
Brash, etc., etc.
SARSAPARILLIAN, aided by Rad-
A PILLS, is a positive cure for this complaint. It restores
stomach and makes it perform
the medicine according to direc-
e what we say in "Pulse and True
ia with Palpitation.
, N. S.—Dr. Radway—Dear Sir—I
time been a sufferer with Dyspepsia
of the Heart, and received but little
ot your Pills and Resolvent, and they
e truly, Ans. BARRY.
of Long Standing Cured.
—I have for years been troubled
and Liver complaint and found but
your Pills and Resolvent, but
fect cure. They are the best medi
in my life.
forever, WILLIAM NOONAN.
MICH.
THE PUBLIC.
ask for Radway's, and see that the
Y" is on what you buy

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XLVI.:::NO. 36. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1887. WHOLE NUMBER 2366

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING."

No. 45 Milk Street (cor. Devonshire St.)

[Opposite the New Post Office,]

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Editorial.

AN AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

The near approach of the annual Commencement of the State Agricultural College, when it sends out an entire class of young men thoroughly schooled in the principles and methods of Agriculture, naturally tends to revive the public interest in the wholesome subject of agricultural education, that scientific training and practical preparation for the business of farming without which it is pursued after either a traditional or a guesswork method, and therefore takes rank with the lower grade of occupations that engage human industry.

"To assert" — once said the late President William S. Clark of the Massachusetts Agricultural College—"that a young man cannot be immensely strengthened and benefited by special scientific preparation to practice agriculture, is to admit that though so loudly praised as the first, last, and noblest occupation of the race, it is really degrading in its nature, and designed in the organization of society, only for those poor, stupid, ignorant, or unfortunate persons who are unable to secure a livelihood in any other way."

Study should tend to enlarge the perceptions, quicken the thought, and inspire the energy of one who proposes farming for the calling of his life, just as much as it operates to that result in the case of young men who design to enter upon a life called professional. Neither information nor education can hurt any body, whatever pursuit he may choose to follow afterwards. But in the acquisition of a special agricultural education, it cannot fail to be understood that the equipment of all the faculties is more complete and thorough for all the purposes of practical farming, which of course means the making of an immediate income from it, than it possibly can be in the case of an education for either business or the work of the professions. For a proper agricultural education must imply the readiness of the one who receives it to engage in his chosen work without further delay, and his qualification to pursue it with such unerring intelligence as will insure him certain success in every instance where success is among the accepted possibilities.

The graduates of the strictly academical colleges are not usually endowed with the capital requisite to start them in professional or other business. They have to resort to teaching and almost any other occupation to help them to bridge the irksome and anxious interval between graduation and their selected life-work. It is different with the graduate of a thoroughly equipped agricultural college. His purpose being farming, if he cannot hire or buy a farm at once, he can at least engage his services in the superintendence of other farms, or at any rate is sure of finding remunerative work to do at the very start, and of taking hold too, higher up than any of those around him who may have had a plodding experience but no educational training and development. This makes all the difference in the world for our farming agricultural graduate. He starts right, and his progress continues straight forward without delay or obstruction. What he has to learn from an enlarging experience he knows how both to learn and to apply.

It is a prejudice not worthy to be combatted, that an educated farmer, whose education applies directly to his calling, is likely to prove less of a farmer than an uneducated one. In this age of intelligence such a proposition would justly be relegated to the court where contempt presides on the bench of judges. If it be true that knowledge is power, it is as true in respect to farming as everything else. With a given capacity for labor, the more skilfully it is guided and directed the more profitable its outcome. It must necessarily be so, and could not be otherwise. The time never happens, either, when a consciousness of the possession of educated faculties does not confer a higher self respect and develop an innate dignity. No man was ever less a man in any position in life by reason of an education.

It is at this foundation and corner-stone that farmers and the entire farming community are to begin the work of erecting the enduring superstructure of intrinsic worth for the agricultural vocation, if they are emulous of establishing the rank for their calling which they freely assert it is entitled to among human industries. We must prove our assertions on such points, or they will surely disprove themselves for lack of positive evidence. And to no single agency will farmers be more indebted for this required proof than to the modern agricultural college,—scattering the prolific seeds of agricultural knowledge on all sides, stimulating to study and discovery, and elevating the character at once of the individual and his occupation.

The supreme felicity of a complete agricultural education is that unlike the others, it unites in one and the same person the thinker, the talker or writer, and the worker. Thus the farmer becomes a whole man, in place of being only half a man—a theorist, or a blind plodder. And our agricultural literature in consequence emerges from the morass of crudities and the forest of contradictions and claims a place abreast of the other recognised literatures of the time. This of itself would furnish a standing refutation of the slander that manual labor and close thinking cannot live in constant relationship, and that the work which costs the sweat of the brow is incompatible with the work which involves the activity of the brain.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

MAKING THE BEST USE OF WHAT WE HAVE.

BY EDMUND HERSEY.

The margin of profit in all branches of business is so small, that unless great economy in both time and materials, is used, any business will prove unprofitable, and farming is no exception to the rule. Unless some efforts be made to utilize to the best advantage everything connected with the farm, the farmer must not expect to get rich very fast.

The first effort of the farmer should be, to try to utilize his time to the best advantage, if he is careless about this, he will rarely succeed; he must learn not only to be diligent, but he must also be systematic, every step he takes, and every stroke he strikes, should be in the direction which careful thought has decided to be the best. There are some men who run here and there, with such haste, that they never have any plan of action, and so they often take ten steps, or strike ten times, when five would be just as good, or perhaps better; this is a waste of time and strength.

Such men when they enter upon a new enterprise do not stop to consider what is the best plan of action, but rush into the work with such speed that they do not discover their mistakes until the work is half done, and have to begin again. This kind of haste makes waste; while it is well to be active and diligent, it is important that our activity should be governed by intelligent thought. The farmer cannot afford to work without a plan which has been matured by careful thought. Suppose he decides to set an orchard, and in his haste to set the trees he gives no thought to the best varieties to set, but jumps at conclusions and sets the varieties that chance to first present themselves to his mind, he would be very likely to get many varieties that deliberate thought would cause him to reject. If we are to spend our time to the best advantage we should commence by devoting a portion of it in deciding how the remainder can be spent so as to secure the greatest benefit. On an ordinary farm there are a multitude of things to be attended to that if neglected will cause a great waste, and among them may first be considered the waste materials which can be gathered up to enrich the soil; on even the best conducted farms there is yet much waste of fertilizing materials that ought to be saved, and on most of farms the waste of fertiliser is at least one-half; this ought not to be, the farmer should use every effort to gather up and utilize all of the materials of the farm that will add to its fertility. The chemist tells us that the liquid manure is of more value than the solids, but how few farmers save it all, or even half of it; yet most of them have it within their power to save it by the expenditure of a very little labor. On most of farms there can be found a muck bed which when properly used is of great value; by digging the muck out two or three years before wanted, that it may get fine and dry, it makes one of the best absorbents, and it is also a good fertilizer of itself to apply to high dry land, but when saturated with the liquids of the barn it will force a vigorous growth of almost any crop, on either high or low land, equaling if not surpassing the best commercial fertilizer.

When the farmer makes a proper use of his muck bed and thus saves all the liquid manures on the farm he will have to pay out but little for commercial fertilizers to keep his farm up in high condition, unless he sells large quantities of farm product that draws heavily on the fertility of the soil. It is surprising what a difference it makes in the fertility of the farm when all of the waste materials are gathered up and properly applied to the soil.

If the farm is to be conducted in the best manner it is important that each field on the farm should be made the best use of.

If the whole farm is adapted to sheep raising it would be very foolish to attempt market gardening, or if adapted to fruit, it should not be used for a grain farm. The fact is if we are to make much of a success we must try to make the best use of our land and grow on it such crops as it will grow to the highest perfection. How often we see farmers trying to grow crops on land not adapted to them, and then complain because they do not succeed as well as their neighbors, who are wise enough to know the best soil for the production of the crops. Farming is a business that will not permit much copying from others, every farmer must think for himself; because his neighbor can make money by growing some particular crop, it is no evidence that he can, unless he has a similar soil, and all the surroundings are the which they very rarely are. Each farmer, if he is to succeed, should carefully examine his farm to see what it is best adapted for, and whatever he thinks is best, he should try, and prove whether or not he is right, if he is, then increase the area of whatever crops have proved to be the best, in this way he will be likely to avoid the mistakes that are usually made by copying others.

As almost every farm is made up of a variety of soils, the farmer has got to learn the the qualities of the soil of each field on his farm, and assign to each the crop which is best adapted for, even then he may not succeed, for none of the fields may be adapted to the crops which the farmer himself takes an interest in; when such is the case the farm should be exchanged for one that is adapted to the growth of crops he is interested in growing, for it is a misapplication of power for a man to try to follow a branch of business that he takes no interest in. Some men are attached to farm stock, and enjoy caring for it, but have no interest in the garden, for such men to engage in market gardening would be a misapplication of labor, and would very likely result in failure, however well the farm might be adapted to the business. Each man should adapt the business which he takes an interest in, and seems best adapted for, and thus use powers to the best advantage; this as a rule will secure success in any business.

When a farmer gets a farm that has a soil which is not adapted to that branch of farming he takes an interest in, he had better get rid of it and try one that has, for it is easier to change farms, than it is to change our ral likes and dislikes.

He who makes the best of his time, and follows that branch of farming he is best adapted for, and that branch chances to be exactly adapted to his particular farm, will be very sure to succeed, not only financially, but he will make life generally a success.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—"No farmer owns any deeper than he can plow."

—The average cow is supposed to drink about eight gallons of water in a day.

—Butter, eggs and cream are sent in some parts of England by parcel post.

—The raisin crop of California, for 1887, is already figured by experts at one million boxes.

—The fruit crop in Santa Barbara the coming season promises well—especially the apricot.

—Most farmers plant fruit trees enough, but very few have fruit enough, or as much as they should have.

—Wire netting is too cheap to have the hens scratching up the garden, or to have the dog tear it up chasing hens.

—A convention of the agricultural chemists of the country will be held at the Agricultural Department, at Washington, August 16.

—A fact to be remembered is that the dearest stock horse any farmer can use is a scrub, whose services can be had for next to nothing.

—Muslin answers all the purposes of glass for the runs of little chicks, as it retains the warmth longer and will turn water if tightly drawn on a frame.

—It is estimated that over 2,000 farmers in the Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania, have been victimized by the Bohemian oat swindle within the past year and a half.

—The diameter of trees varies, not only from summer to winter, but from day to day. They are larger from noon to twilight the next morning than from twilight until noon.

—In building a henhouse study first, comfort, light, and ventilation; second, convenience; third, roominess; and lastly, economy with all, where profit is the main consideration.

—Several thousand acres of land in Oneida and Herkimer counties sold lately for almost nothing, some tracts going for one cent per acre. Yet no member of the Anti-Poverty Society was present to bid them in.

—A little ingenuity and skill will, at a comparatively trifling expense, make comfortable quarters for fowls, out of the various erections which are to be found connected with the farm and suburban home.

—Prof. Cook says that a solution of one teaspoonful of Paris-green to two pails of water will kill the striped cucumber beetle. Spray the plants and bugs—if you can. Don't make it stronger.

—Farmers' gardens are planted too late. Work in them is often postponed until the hurried season is past, and then the dry spell comes on and the seeds do not start well, or the vegetables are out of season.

—Clover, fed to stock, is estimated to return fully eighty per cent. of its fertilizing properties to the soil. It is cheaper to cut clover and feed it to stock, returning the manure to the land, than to plow it under green.

—Any person of good common sense, who has a real love for poultry, heeds the wise counsel of others, exercises a great deal of his own judgment with regard to his wants, is patient and has true perseverance, will be likely to succeed.

—One good sign of the times, says the Live Stock Indicator, is that a more intelligent class of men and women are taking an interest in farms—men who read the papers and women who are not averse to soiling their hands in dish-water, ladies by birth and education though they be.

—The Highland pickle factory expects to utilize the product of 350 acres of cucumbers at 175 bushels per acre. The growth of about thirty acres of peppers, tomatoes, stringbeans, and other vegetables are used for chinking, aside from 400 bushels of onions, and a large quantity of cauliflower, the latter being purchased elsewhere.

—There are 43 wholesale and 328 retail dealers in oleomargarine in Massachusetts. This list comprises one-sixth of all the wholesale and one-tenth of all the retail dealers in oleo in the United States who have paid taxes to the Goverment on this commodity, indicating that more oleo is made and consumed there than in any other internal revenue district of the country.

—Farmers have been in the habit of thinking that if they fed the stock through the winter and gave them as wide range of sidehill and swamp in the summer their duty was done; but the profit comes from having them do their best the year through and a little meal or good hay or green food, in the summer often pays more than twice the amount would in winter.

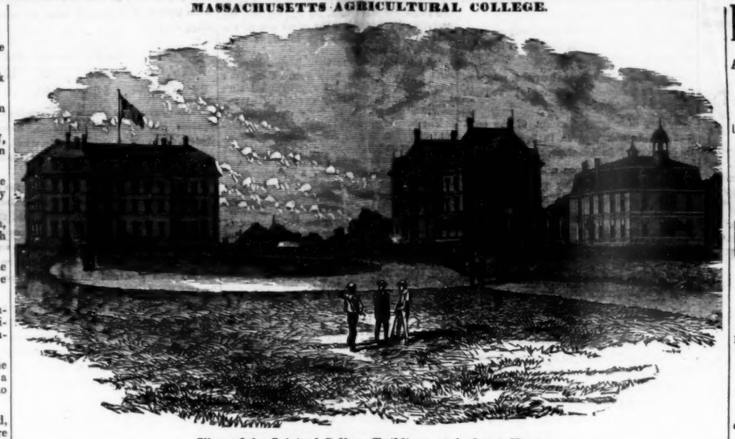
—J. L. Smith, a well-known writer an agricultural topics, tells the sober truth when he says not one farmer in fifty could earn as good a living as he now gets from his farm, in any other occupation. He further cites instances where tenants make a comfortable living from their part of the proceeds of a farm, and says that farming on shares pays the landlord a fair profit on the investment.

—The forest area of the United States seems to be less than 450,000,000 acres, of which more than 10,000,000 acres yearly are destroyed by fire, and to supply the needs of fuel, ties, lumber, etc., it is estimated that certainly not less than 10,000,000 acres are denuded, altogether an area of over 60,000 acres per diem, the product representing a value of more than $700,000,000 per annum.

—Professor Henry advises farmers to go slow on alfalfa. He thinks it well enough to experiment with it, but has little faith in its proving profitable except where it can be irrigated and on land having a loose, porous subsoil many feet in depth. At the Wisconsin experiment station he had never succeeded in getting it through the second winter. He thinks the common red clover far superior to it.

—Many of the papers are discussing the huckleberry plantation at the Michigan Agricultural College. We have seen some wonderful reports of its success. Prof. Baily informs us that it was only set this spring and nothing definite can be said about it yet. Experiments with the huckleberry are eagerly called for. This fruit ranks with the strawberry in importance in many parts of the country. If the fruit could be enlarged and improved as other fruits have been, there would be a great "boom" in its culture.

—The following different ways of treating balky horses are recommended: First, Pat the horse on the neck, examine him carefully, first on one side and then the other; if you can get him a handful of grass give it to him. Then jump into the wagon and give the word go and he will generally obey. Second. Taking the horse out of the shafts and turning him around in a circle until he giddy will generally start him, Third. Another way to cure a balky horse is to place your hand over his nose and shut off his wind until he wants to go. Fourth. Then, again, take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore legs just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it; tie in a bow knot; at the first click he will probably go dancing off. After going a short distance you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendons. Fifth. Again, you can try the following: Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth. Sixth. The last remedy I know is as follows: Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to the head, this will divert his attention and start him.—[National Stockman.



MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

View of the Original College Buildings, at Amherst, Mass.

Questions & Answers

THE GRUB WORM OR "BORER."

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman*, how I can kill grub worms in the trunk of trees next to the ground. Is there any wash that I can rub on or squirt up the holes that will kill them and save the tree? Yours truly, G. J.

Cambridge, Mass.

[The worm you allude to is the "borer." When young they can easily be seen at the root of the tree before they have made much progress; but as it takes three years for full development they bore up the trunk of the tree some distance. The entrance can be readily discovered by the chips that they make, and they can be killed with a sharp, limber, slim stick or whalebone, or wire run up their holes. Better examine the trees annually to prevent their great mischievous progress.—Ed.]

TO KILL THE POTATO BUG.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

You will oblige an old subscriber if you will give through the columns of the *Ploughman*, the experience of some of your readers and the manner of using (and the results) of ammonia for the destruction of the Potato Bug, and the cost as compared with Paris green? Yours truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

Nothingham, June, 1887.

Ammonia is not commonly used for that purpose; and as Paris green and London purple are thoroughly effective, inexpensive, and easily applied there seems no need of experimenting further. We should be pleased however to publish the results of experimenting by any of our correspondents.—[Ed.

A CURE FOR THE CURRANT WORM.

I think we never had a fruit pest whose devastations have been more complete and its ravages more universally deplored than the currant worm. The currant was a staple article in every family, entering largely into the make up of a variety of palatable dishes, and constantly used as sauce upon the table, and there was such an abundance everywhere that if one had no bushes in his garden, they could soon be ready to supply his needs. But now you may travel for miles through this region and not see a bush in one garden in ten. Every one became so disgusted with the work of the worm, and being afraid to use hellebore and knowing no other remedy, they dug them up and put the ground to other use.

But there is a very sure and simple remedy which costs no money, only a little work—to which those who find a reward in the beautiful appearance of their bushes, heavily laden with delicious fruit will not object.

I have a farmer friend who has near the centre of his garden a single row of bushes, direct from roots long. To prevent the bushes from being broken by snow or other causes, and to give himself a better chance to work among them, he had, long before the advent of the worm, been in the habit of tying them up in the fall. When the worms came he was astonished to find his bushes entirely free from them, while his neighbors' were overrun. For this he could find no reason, but continued his practice of tying, &c., but with more care, hoeing the earth entirely away from the bushes and removing it some distance; also from about the stems 3 or 4 inches deep, and with a painter's brush cleaning out every fork, crack and crevice, so that no eggs or larvæ might have been left in them. He fills in about the stems with compost covered with fresh earth brought from a distance, and then unties and trims his bushes and leaves them to themselves, and through all these years he has not been troubled with worms. It is a charming sight to walk beside his well trimmed, thrifty bushes, and see how heavily they are adorned with dark green foliage, thickly interspersed with long, large clusters of rich, red fruit.

There is profit as well as beauty in this caring. Currants are so scarce and the demand so great, that our grocers readily pay eight cents a pound on the stem for them. Beside all that were used in my friend's family for sauces, tarts, jellies, jams, pies, &c., he sold 193 quarts to those who came to his house after them, at ten cents a quart, making nearly $20. Do you know of anything you can grow on a piece of land four feet wide and four rods long, with all the work you can put on it, that will pay you better?

In treating bushes that have been subject to attack from the currant worm in past years, they should be thoroughly cleaned, so that any eggs or larvæ may be scraped up, with an inch or two of the soil under the bushes, and carried off to a distance. If the soil is not too moist, I would suggest—not having tried it myself—a light sowing of salt each year as the bushes will stand it, until no insect will stay in the soil.—[Cor. Country Gentleman.

☞ The season is near when the young colts claim a share of the farmer's attention. Much of the annoyance which many find in working the mother can be easily anticipated by a little forethought and the exercise of a little natural tact. After it is two weeks old, the colt is as capable of living on three meals a day as is the calf, and it should be shut up in a yard or pasture, away from the mother, while she is at work. Care must, of course, be exercised on the start. Leaving the colts in a small lot with older colts or those with quiet disposition that is first felt when left alone. A little care as to the temperature of the mother's blood when the colt takes its milk is also important. If the mother is to be worked constantly, it is advisable to teach the colt to eat a little bran and oats as soon as possible, and by increasing this grain ration it will be ready for weaning earlier, and the weaning process will be more gradual, and in every way more agreeable. If the colt is haltered and handled a half hour every day till two months old, and haltered and led regularly at least once a week after this, it will be much better for it in every way.—[National Live Stock Journal.

Correspondence.

"MONEY RUNNING AWAY."

To the Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

In last weeks *Ploughman* is a curious extract from Prof. Robert of Corneil University as to the waste from a side-hill barnyard which is laid entirely upon the rainfall and the size of the barnyard. The amount of manure in the yard does not seem to be an element in the calculation.

I had always supposed that tidy farmers kept their manure under cover and I still think so.

The barnyard, to lose $250 of value by leaching away, must have at least 160 cords of manure lying exposed to the weather, which is hardly a reasonable supposition. While being entirely in sympathy with the end sought by such warnings it does not seem to be either wise or useful to publish statements that are manifestly out of all proportion with the truth, no matter who is responsible for them.

HENRY W. WILSON.

BOSTON, June 8th, 1887.

INFLUENCE OF SIRE AND DAM.

BY PROFESSOR BREWERS.

When it comes to the relative influence of sire and dam, there are two entirely distinct questions. We mean the relative influence of the stock of a region, why then the sire is the most potent. The sire may sire a thousand animals. If on the individual offspring, then it is a very different question. Away back in the olden time it was assumed that the mother had the greater influence on the nervous system and on the organs, and the father the greater influence on the muscular and on the covering. This was again propounded by Linnæus in a work on the sexual characteristics of plants, about the middle of the last century. That was revived again by Orton in a prize essay on breeding a few years ago, which prize essay was published by the Highland agricultural society and has been the subject of considerable discussion since. Linnæus' work was published in Latin in 1760, and was then a little later published in English in 1786. So far as I know, that was the first formulation of that doctrine in English. It has figured quite largely since, and I am inclined to accept it as a whole, though I would not carry it as far as a good many would. That the male parent determines the external characters generally, the outward structure, the locomotive organs the frame work, bones and muscles, organs of sense and the skin, while the female parent chiefly determines the internal structure, the vital organs, the heart, lungs, glands, digestive apparatus, giving tone and character to the vital parts of secretion and growth, and also has the most to do with the nervous system. I mean that this is the general rule; not that it is always so. We may have a creature resembling the sire more than the dam in all parts, or the dam more than the sire, but this may be taken as general rule. And Mr. Orton takes this theory and runs back still further and makes a study of hybrids, and finds it generally true with them. If this is true, then, if we are breeding for speed in horses, why the stallion is more important. If we are breeding for beef, for mutton, for wool then the sire is the more potent animal, and we get improvement more rapidly through him. If we are breeding for milk, if we are breeding for any of the secretions, if we are breeding for instinct, for temper, etc., then the female. I am inclined to believe that this, as I have said before, is true as a general rule.

TOMATOES.

It does not require a great amount of time to raise a good supply of tomatoes, both for canning and for use in the winter. Tomatoes will grow vigorously and produce well upon any soil suitable for either corn or potatoes.

When the blossoms begin to show, it is a good plan to pinch back the ends of the main stems and the branches, too, may be checked by nipping off the ends of the shoots just beyond the last leaf. The pinching should be continued to the middle of summer, at least until the fruit has nearly or quite completed its growth.

Keep the ground clean and level, and if convenient lay light brush around the plants to keep the fruit from coming in contact with the soil when the vines become heavily laden. Some tie their tomatoes up to stakes and cut away the leaves, but we do not approve of this plan, as it is too great a violation of natural laws. When plants or trees are robbed of foliage, the flavor of the fruit is impaired. Stripping off foliage may advance, or bring on an unnatural ripening through exposure to the rays of the summer sun, but no other advantage can be claimed. You will notice that the sweetest blackberry grape, or richest-flavored tomato is found beneath the leaves, where its development and maturity have been natural.

FIGHTING POTATO BUGS.

The Bulletin of experiments recently published by Prof. Herman Knapp of the Iowa Agricultural College gives an interesting experiment on killing potato bugs. It illustrates another use of force spray pumps, which nearly equals in value that for spraying orchards to kill the codling moth. Large farmers, or neighborhoods of small farmers, can as well afford a spray-pump as a corn-planter. We give the report in full: During the latter part of May the Colorado potato beetles began to show themselves in the potato field in formidable numbers—and soon began to deposit eggs. June 5th, when the earliest eggs were beginning to hatch, thirteen rows on the north side of the field were gone over and every hill handled. Not a bug or bunch of eggs was left in sight. This method cost nearly two and one-half dollars per acre. Two weeks later the larvæ of all sizes were defoliating the field in alarming numbers. The rows hand-picked had fully half as many bugs as the remainder of the field. Arsenic poisoning was resorted to and upon the suggestions of Prof. H. Osburn the following method was tried, and proving very satisfactory, was used in going over the field.

Barrels of water were placed in the wagon, room being left in back end for a man to stand. The rear leg contained a solution of Paris-green or London-purple. An "Aquapult" force pump was operated while the team was driven back and forth across the field. The small nozzle was used, and the liquid was sprayed by holding the thumb against the end of the nozzle. By a swinging motion of the hand several rows were thoroughly sprayed at once. Seven rows were sprayed in this manner, going over an acre in ten minutes, but more satisfactory work was done by taking five rows and driving more slowly. The good effect of the application was shown by comparison with a few rows left untreated. Prof. Osborn says one-half pound of either London-purple or Paris-green is sufficient for a barrel of water, if kept well stirred. Not counting cost of force pump, this method will not cost above fifty cents per acre. The loss of poison by the spray covering the ground between the rows is not great, as these poisons are not very expensive, and the spray is finer.—[Prairie Farmer.

RETURNING STRAW TO THE LAND.

There are various opinions among farmers as to the value of straw when returned to the land as an aid to the production of future crops. We have never held the opinion that straw possessed any intrinsic properties of its own as a manure, or to justify the expenditure of any considerable amount of time or labor upon it looking to that end, without its being first either passed through our domestic animals, and thus mixed with their other and richer food, or else used in our barnyards and stables as an absorbent, and to hold the liquid portions of the manure and thus insure their better distribution upon the land. The plan of burning the straw, after spreading it upon the land, is not attended with any good results except that it insures the destruction of weed seeds—the value of the ashes left by its incineration being very insignificant at best.

The question not unfrequently comes up between the owners and renters of land as to the removal of the straw from the premises—some of the former being very persistent in their objections thereto. If it is to be made use of, as above intimated, than we would say by all means it should be retained upon the land. But if it is to be merely spread upon the land without the cattle, it had better be burned or used as an absorbent, then we can see no injury done to future crops by its removal.

That celebrated agriculturist and experimenter, J. B. Lawes, of England, made the following experiment some years ago with the view of testing the relative value of straw as a manure. After having raised wheat on the same land for twenty-four years in succession—removing the straw as well as grain therefrom—he tried the experiment of returning to the soil every year the straw made from the crop the previous year. Accordingly he chose ten plots of land of equal size, all of which had received the same manuring year after year for the twenty-four years. To five of these plots he returned the straw annually after it had been removed, while to the other five plots the straw was not returned. To the first five plots the straw, as returned, was merely run through a cutting-box, spread evenly upon the land plowed under and sown in wheat, the other five plots, as said before, having no straw returned to them. The results showed but a trifle difference in the yield, if anything, it being in favor of the plots to which no straw had been returned. The experiment was continued for several years, with no perceptible difference in the yield, the plots all being manured as near as possible alike.—[Baltimore Sun.

WEEDS IN THE GARDEN.

If there is one place above all others on the farm where weeds seem most determined to grow, it is the farmer's garden. Why this is so we are not able to say, but certain it is that weeds in the garden seem more tenacious of life than anywhere else on the farm. But as farmers are more deeply interested in the fact itself than in the reason of it, we shall confine ourself in what we now have to say to the fact without speculating as to the causes. There is another fact, too, and which must be taken for granted, and that is that weeds will grow in our gardens until late in the fall, and we must either resolutely go to work and stop their career or our gardens will soon be run away with them. There is no other alternative left us. The original purpose in making a garden is the production of useful plants, and if by the entrance of weeds the purpose is thwarted, self-interest, if nothing else, requires that the latter should be kept up.

Any land can be put to better use than the production of weeds, and of all places in the world the garden is the last in which their presence should be tolerated. Besides looking badly, they prevent the growth of useful plants by appropriating to themselves fertilizing matter which a crop of useful vegetables would otherwise appropriate. But the worst of all is, they become a permanent evil which perpetuates itself from year to year with increased intensity. It sometimes happens that farmers will keep their gardens clean until late in the season, and leave them to take care of themselves, under the impression that after that time the weeds can do no harm. The result is that numberless weeds grow and ripen their seeds, ready the next season to spring up and take possession of the ground. And thus by a little negligence during the last few weeks of the previous summer, the work of keeping them under is rendered tenfold greater. Weeds grow with great rapidity, some varieties ripening their seed in an incredibly short time. It is all-important, therefore, that those persons who would have clean gardens next year should take special pains to keep them clear of weeds during the remainder of the present season.—[Baltimore Sun.

—For a farmer's use, a horse is worth more at seven than at any other age. He has nearly as many years of service before him as at a less age, and at seven is past the danger of being strained or injured by overwork. How old he must be before becoming superannuated depends upon circumstances. A horse overworked becomes played out at an age when one well treated is still able to do good service.

—New York State produced 111,093,000 bushels of wheat last year, from 630,493 acres.

Meeting of Farmers,

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, Saturday, May 14, 1887.

[HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN ASSOCIATION.]

CONTINUED DISCUSSION

ON

Progress of the "Silo" and "Ensilage."

Rev. O. S. BUTLER, of Georgetown leads with an Essay.

A LIVELY DISCUSSION FOLLOWS.

IN WHICH

GEO. D. FORRISTALL, of Tewksbury, Major EMERY, of Lowell, E. F. CHAMBERLAIN, of Worcester,

And others take part.

BENJAMIN P. WARE, President of the Essex County Agricultural Society occupies the chair.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

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[*Report continued from last week.*]

THE DISCUSSION

Following Mr. Butler's Essay.

Proportion of Ensilage to Water.

MAJOR EMERY of Lowell.—In your 40 cubic feet containing one ton of ensilage, what proportion of that is water?

MR. BUTLER.—There is but a very small proportion of water at the time you take it out after it has been thoroughly pressed.

MAJ. EMERY.—Do you know where it goes to?

MR. BUTLER.—It partly evaporates and is partly absorbed by chemical change. I think that Mr. Gale, and also Dr. Nichols, made experiments. In the latter silo, built with cement, when the ensilage had been in it two weeks, we opened the door at the bottom and there were six inches of liquid. I should not say it was water. We waited and in six weeks time opened it again, and found that the floor of the silo was dry enough to walk upon with silk stockings without soiling them. My judgment is that it was partly due to evaporation but more was due to the fact that in wh if you call acid or sour ensilage, the sugar and starchy substance go back into the ensilage and make the best feed for cattle. We experimented in this way,—we fed a little of the ensilage with some of the liquid that was remaining to some young Jerseys. They did not relish it very well. I think in three weeks, or perhaps a little more a week later, we took out a little and exposed it to the air for 24 hours, and we found in the barn and in the milk the smell of cider. I let some of it lie another 24 hours and it changed to vinegar, there was an alcohol smell and taste. We had then two Jersey heifers that proved not to be with calf, and I suggested that we try an experiment. We fed those two heifers on that ensilage alone for 48 hours until they were so intoxicated that they could not walk straight down to drink. That was liquid and ensilage.

The Chemical Change.

MAJ. EMERY.—That was a chemical change going on in the liquid.

MR. BUTLER.—Afterward, in some eight weeks, when we commenced to feed it, it had no such effect upon the cattle. It had undergone a change in the air. But when taken out, this liquid had been so changed and taken up by the fibrous substance that it was not to be found.

MAJ. EMERY.—If the ensilage takes up this water, say in 40 feet square, how much would there be, and how does it get in there?

MR. WARE.—It is the green plant.

MAJ. EMERY.—Yes, but how much is there in the green plant?

MR. FORRISTALL of Tewksbury.—Probably the moisture is about 75 per cent.

MR. BUTLER.—The ensilage, in regard to this moisture, is very different from what it is when green.

MAJ. EMERY.—That is in the nature of corn. If the cows gets too much they will get drunk.

MR. BUTLER.—It is just

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1887.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a meeting of Farmers in the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, Saturday, June 18, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Subject for Discussion—"*Bugs and Worms.*" Several well-known experts are expected to take part in the Discussion.

THE wheat market broke in Chicago on Tuesday, letting several noted dealers down flat on the ground. There was an immense commotion in the market. The much vaunted combination was smashed and made bankrupt. It was a fearful collapse, entailing severe and wide-spread losses. As the accounts stated a description of the scene at the height of the panic would mean a great deal to professional traders, but very little to an outsider. Sympathy with the Chicago market broke wheat in the New York produce exchange. The scenes on change at Milwaukee were perfectly wild. The same was the case in Minneapolis. Millions of dollars were locked up by the speculators in wheat and now that the explosion has come money will flow in more plentifully. The catastrophe was called a crash, and it appears to have deserved the name. June wheat dropped with a dead shrink from 92 to 73 cents a bushel, thus bringing this necessary cereal food nearer to its true value than it has been for months. Only the gamblers and their dupes are the sufferers, and they of course should have known what they were exposed to when they began to "monkey" with margins.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The American Pomological Society will hold its twenty-first session in Boston on the 14th of next September, to continue until the 17th inclusive. The meeting will take place in one of the rooms of the Mass. Charitable Mechanics' Association Building, and the exhibition of fruits will be given in conjunction with the exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in the same building. The agricultural, pomological, and horticultural societies of the United States and the British Provinces are invited to send delegates, and all persons are cordially invited to attend who are interested in the cultivation of fruits. The American Pomological Society has been in existence for thirty-eight years. Through its working committees, it has effected an organization in every State and Territory. Its latest and best experience is brought out in its biennial reports. In the urgent reform of pomological nomenclature it has achieved an important advance, and compiled a national catalogue consisting of nine hundred varieties of fruits adapted to the several States and Territories, with their variations of climate and other conditions. The future work of the Society is expected to be of much greater value than the past. The Mass. Horticultural Society has appropriated $500 for special prizes for fruits to be exhibited at the September meeting. All communications from interested parties should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wood, Horticultural Hall, Boston.

NATHAN HALE.

The statue of Capt. Nathan Hale, known in our revolutionary history as "the martyr-spy," was unveiled and publicly dedicated with fitting ceremonies at Hartford on Tuesday. The statue is a bronze figure of heroic size. It was made by authority of the legislature of Connecticut, of which Nathan Hale was a citizen. It stands in the State capitol, the attitude chosen intending to be expressive of his famous words of regret that he had but one life to give to his country. The ceremonies attending the formal delivery of the statue to the State by the commission were simple but impressive. They included an address by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who said, in the course of his remarks, that the statue was not a portrait, there being no likeness of Nathan Hale extant. The artist was obliged to create an ideal figure. It represents an American youth of the period, an American patriot and scholar, whose bearing betrays the moral elevation of character that made him conspicuous among his fellows, and shows forth the deed that made him immortal. His young life flowered and bloomed in one supreme moment of self sacrifice.

The story is a brief one, but full of profound pathos. Said the orator—On the 21st of April, 1775 a messenger, riding express from Boston to New York with the tidings of Lexington and Concord, reached New London. The news ceeated intense excitement. A public meeting was called in the court house at twilight and among the speakers who exhorted the people to take up arms at once was one, a youth not yet twenty years of age, who said "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence." This youth was Nathan Hale. He was enrolled the next morning as a volunteer, and soon after marched away with his company to Cambridge. He participated in the siege of Boston, was commissioned a captain in the Nineteenth Connectiuet regiment in January 1776 and became noted for the discipline of his company. He accompanied the army to New York, and shared its fortunes in the discouraging spring and summer of 1776. The condition of that army and the cause it represented on the first of September of that year was extremly critical.

On the 12th it was determned to abandon the city and take possession of Harlem Heights. Washington was wholly unable to penetrate the designs of the British commander or to obtain any trusty information of the intentions or movements of the British army. Information was necessary in order to enable the American army to escape destruction. What, therefore, Washington wanted was a person skilled in military and scientific knowledge, a good draughtsman, of a cool head, tact, sagacity, and courage, and whose judgment and fidelity were to be trusted. Lieut. Col. Knowlton summoned a conference of officers in the name of the commander-in-chief, and tatd the matter before them. No one appeared to be willing to undertake so dangerous and ignominious a mission. Knowlton was in despair, and while he was repeating the urgency of the case a young officer, pale from recent illness, entered the room, and said:—"I will undertake it." It was young Capt. Nathan Hale. His friends vainly besought him not to attempt it. He went into the enemy's lines in disguise. "I wish to be useful," said he, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

He crossed the Sound from Norwalk, in Connecticut, to Huntington Cove, Long Island, and in the disguise of a schoolmaster penetrated the British lines and New York City, made accurate drawings of the fortifications and memoranda in Latin of all that he had observed, which he concealed between the soles of his shoes, and returned to the point on the Long Island Shore where he first landed. He expected to be met by a boat and to cross the Sound to Norwalk the next morning. On that morning he was captured, it was believed by Tory treachery, and taken to Gen. Howe's headquarters. That was on the 21st. of September. On the evidence found upon his person he was condemned without a trial to be hung as a spy the next morning. He offered no sort of defence, frankly avowed his mission, and only wished he could serve his country better. He expected no mercy, and even pity was not given him. As he stood on the fatal ladder which served for a scaffold, his brutal executioner, Cunningham, demanded "his last dying speech and confession." Looking calmly in the faces of the spectators he said in a clear and unfaltering voice—"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," and the ladder was snatched from under him. A more truly heroic end is not recorded in history.

FOUNDING THE STATE COLLEGE.

Quarto-Centennial Celebration.

The appropriate celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the passage of the bill by Congress for the endowment of agricultural schools and colleges, to be established and maintained by the several States of the Union; revives the recollection of one of the most devoted and accomplished of the Presidents of the Massachusetts State College, Paul Chadbourne. He left his impress permanently on the character of the College, and his death was a loss from which a young institution like this cannot easily recover.

In his official report in January, 1883, the twentieth in the series, he enters upon an exposition of the educational plan of the College, to which reference at this time is specially appropriate and grateful. He expresses the opinion that the people of the State, had not really understood the provisions which were made for the education of the young men of Massachusetts. The grant of land and scrip for founding agricultural colleges was made by the general government in 1862. The aim of the bill for establishing "Iudus trial Colleges" was to secure varied production in agriculture and the mechanic arts, and a citizen soldiery well trained in the art of war.

The measure was an eminently wise one, whatever mistakes may have been made in the organization and management of these institutions. Its exact language was this: "The endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where the *leading object* shall be, without excluding scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are *related* to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the *liberal* and *practical* education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life. "While no branch of study peculiar to the old colleges was to be necessarily excluded, the new colleges thus established were to push on to the practical application of the sciences they taught, and train all their students as defenders of their country against domestic rebellion or foreign invasion. The students were to be educated to be men and American citizens. The rank of the education given is "liberal," and so broad as to fit men for the "several pursuits and professions in life."

The object of these colleges, said President Chadbourne, was to obliterate the supposed superiority of the so called "learned professions," by securing a "liberal," that is the highest education, for those who chose industrial pursuits; thus lifting agriculture and the mechanic arts from the place of mere routine labor to the dignity of learned professions, founded upon scientific knowledge and allied to, or connected with, those branches of learning essential for a broad and generous culture of the whole man. The real and true intention in the establishment of these colleges could not be more clearly stated. President Chadbourne was justly apprehensive that many who had attempted the management of these colleges as well as many of those who had criticised them, overlooked the broad and generous plan upon which they were founded. And he considered it doubtful whether they would ever accomplish the great work for which they were intended until their original purpose is so fully and constantly recognized and carried out by judicious and pains taking work, that the currents of education shall be fairly turned toward these new channels.

This being done, it cannot be doubted—he thought—that they will continue to flow, because an education that "gives boys what they need to daily use when they become men" commends itself as rational and practical. This should be the sim of all true education. And this is the educational idea that is embodied in the bill founding the industrial colleges of the several States, and which is to be commemorated next week at Amherst. By the gift of the government to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Agricultural College has been freed from the performances of much labor in building up a mechanical department, and is left to carry out the idea of a college of which Agriculture is to be the leading and inspiring purpose, at the same time securing rigid training in military tactics and providing such a range of studies in science, literature and philosophy as shall promote "liberal education." In Mr. Chadbourne's pregnant phrase, "it is an education *plus* the man." No worthier provision than this could be commemorated by any assemblage of people. Its real magnitude will not fail to become better appreciated when the present twenty-fifth anniversary shall have climbed to the centennial.

FEEDING APPLES TO STOCK.

Green apples are good for neither man nor beast, while a suitable diet of ripe ones are beneficial to both. Prof. L. B. Arnold observes that changes take place in the ripening of fruits analogous to some which take place in the stomach. The elements of food, in the process of digestion, are made to combine chemically with water. They become, in the language of chemistry, "hydrated." This liquefaction puts them in the right condition for absorption and assimilation. So in the ripening of fruit, the hydration of its food substance takes place, so that more than half of it has only to be separated from the pulp, or pomace, by diffusion in order to be ready for absorption and use. This is just what makes green fruit to differ from ripe. This process of hydration has not been accomplished in green fruit, and consequently, if used for food, has to be performed by the stomach, which a weak one is not always equal to.

There is nothing unwholesome or objectionable in a green apple, if it could be easily digested, but just there is the trouble. The starch of a potato is good food, but it must first undergo changes and become hydrated, and this calls on the stomach for considerable labor. It is otherwise with the acids and other carbhydrates of ripe fruit. They are already hydrated, and all ready to pass into the circulation. What gives so high a relish to fruit not only for all kinds of stock but to the human animal also, is the quick impression made upon the organs of taste by this readiness for use caused by hydration.

The feeding value of apples is not large, in Prof. Arnold's opinion. He classes them with mangels, turnips, cabbage, and the like. Their food properties are mostly carbhydrates, or heat producing, their protein being only about one-half of one per cent., and their nutritive ratio about one to thirty; and hence they are most effective when fed with more nitrogenous food, like clover, though they may be fed sparingly with grass. They have a higher value than is indicated by the weight of their food constituents, on account of condimental qualities and from having a large per cent. of those constituents in a condition to be at once absorbed and appropriated without waiting for any special action of the stomach.

If hay be used as the unit of measure, apples compare with it and other common feeding stuffs as follows, per hundred pounds of each:—Hay, 50 cents; corn meal, $1.12; oat meal, bran, and middlings, $1.00; potatoes, 29 cents; sugar beets, 10 cents; parsnips and carrots, 18 cents; cabbage, 17 cents; apples, ripe, 16 cents; turnips, 16 cents; rutabagas, 15 cents; mangels, 14 cents; pears, 13 cents. Prof. Arnold's estimate is that good ripe apples have a feeding value of not less than eight cents per bushel of 50 pounds, and are as good for other stock as for milch cows. He think it is as much of a loss for any one who has stock to consume them to waste good apples as to waste good roots. When fed with reason and appropriate food, they are health-inspiring as well as nutritious, and are only injurious when fed immoderately.

He states that an experiment in feeding three cows with moderately sour apples, ripe and mellow, for several weeks, at the rate of twelve to twenty pounds to each cow daily, gave him a finer flavored butter than he ever saw from grain or grass. He says he has known others to feed them in larger quantity and for a longer time with satisfactory result, and their butter to be not only fine-flavored but to possess remarkable keeping quality, and the stock to remain perfectly healthy. He has likewise proved them to make excellent milk for cheese. The managers of cheese factories have noticed an improvement and increase of milk when their patrons' cows have been fed moderately with apples. This testimony in regard to the feeding of this fruit to stock is timely and valuable, and merits careful consideration from farmers everywhere.

THE STRIKE RECORDS.

The total number of strikes reported by Bradstreet's during the first five months of 1887 is 480, against 164 for the corresponding months in 1886. Nominally this is about three times as many this year as last, but really it is not more than twice as many.

The strike habit appears to be growing rapidly. The total number of strikers this year to the 1st of June it 226,803; for the first five months of last year, 346,630. The number striking last month was nearly 79,000 as compared with 216,000 in May, 1886. About as many members of building trades struck in May this year as last. That month last year was the most conspicuous for strikes during the whole of that industrially disturbed twelve month. If continued, the strike habit will have to be considered chronic. Labor evidently feels the strength union gives it, and will not fail to find its rightful advantage if its united forces are intelligently directed. That direction must be in the conservation of property as capital and especially in the security of profits. If there are no profits for one side, there surely never can be for the other. Nothing yet discovered will ever be able to enter the field of industrial operations and successfully claim a share of the profits of risks which it is either unable or unwilling to take for itself.

WILL OF BEN: PERLEY POORE.

His Property Divided Among His Heirs and Friends—No Public Bequests.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., June 14. The will of Ben: Perley Poore, presented for probate to-day, makes the following disposition of his property: 1st—The sale of woodlands in Georgetown, cattle, horses and other farm animals, hay, carriages, harnesses, tools, &c., excepting what is in the main hall, four parlors, study, wigwam and the Continental rooms, and the proceeds, after paying certain charges, to be paid to Mrs. Poore.

The farm and everything else, including the contents of the main hall, four parlors, study, wigwam and the Continental rooms, with the exception hereafter named, is given to his wife for her use during her lifetime. At her death Frederic S. Moseley, his son-in-law, has the use of the above during his lifetime, and then everything is given to his grandson, Ben: Perley Poore Moseley, absolutely. The son-in-law and grandson are to pay Mrs. Poore a specified monthly annuity during her lifetime in order to receive the property at her decease. A home is also desired by him at the farm for his two sisters during their lifetime. Provision is made in case of the failure of the parties named to pay Mrs. Poore her monthly annuity to have the executors raise money for her by mortgaging the farm. In case of the failure of the son-in-law and grandson to comply with the specified conditions of his bequest to them, or of their decease before that of Mrs. Poore, then it is directed that the farm and everything in the main hall, four parlors, study, wigwam and the Continental rooms, Indian relics, etc., shall be sold at auction, and the proceeds divided with his two sisters, Sarah Sweetser Little of Newburyport, Townsend Poore of Scranton, Penn., Ellen Dodge of Providence, R. I., Eben D. Appleton of Portland, and Allan Dodge of Washington, D. C.

The silver pitcher given him by Marshall P. Wilder is given to John J. Currier of Newburyport, the silver cup given him by Senator Anthony is given to Mr. Warren of West Newbury. His gold watch and chain, presented him on the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, is given to Samuel R. Bailey of West Newbury, who has served him so long and well. A silver mug is given to Orrin Bailey son of Samuel R. Bailey. The locket containing Charles Dummer's hair is given to Charles W. Slack of Boston. The silver punch ladle presented him by Senator Anthony is given to Col. William W. Clapp of Boston. All of these articles are to be delivered within thirty days after his decease. John J. Currier of Newburyport and Dr. O. Warren of West Newbury are named trustees and executors without bonds. The will is dated October 29, 1884, and witnessed by Moses H. Fowler, Phillip H. Lunt and Elbridge G. Wardwell.

A PANIC IN COFFEE

The Firm of B. G. Arnold & Co. Goes Down With $1,000,000 Liabilities.

A drop of 270 points in June coffee and heavy declines for other months caused a panic in the coffee exchange Monday. Wild confusions prevailed and 412,000 bags of coffee were sold, or twice as many as on any previous day in the history of the exchange. Three firms suspended in consequence, with liabilities which are expected to exceed $1,000,000. In explanation of the flurry the market is said to have broken through its own weight as B. G. Arnold & Co., the principal firm involved, kept buying till they dared not unload for fear of knocking a hole in prices. Arnold & Co's liabilities are estimated by outsiders at $1,000,000 or over, and Mackay, Small & Co's at $200,000, while those of Norton, Weyl & Beven are considered small.

The principal break in the market followed Arnold & Co.'s failure. Several firms, including J. J. O'Donohue & Son, and W. H. Crossman & Bros., then combined to prevent a further decline and June coffee rallied 145 points before the close. Arnold & Co. attribute their failure to lack of time to obtain margins from customers in Buenos Ayres and Europe. The other firms were carried down with them. B. G. Arnold, the senior member of Arnold & Co. was overwhelmed in 1882 by the collapse of one of the largest deals in coffee ever attempted. His firm's liabilities then were over $2,000,000, and they compromised for 60 cents on $1. He is known as the founder of the coffee exchange and was its first president. He has been identified with the trade since 1849 and is at present in business with his son Francis G. Mackay & Small formed the present firm in August, 1886, claiming a capital of $50,000. It consists of John D. Mackay and Cyrus K. Small. They did an active business in spot coffees and futures. The firm of Norton, Weyl & Beven was formed on the 1st inst., and is composed of Frank Norton, G. E. Weyl and G. F. Beven, succeeding the business of W. J. Norton & Co.

Late in the afternoon a private cable was received by Arnold & Co., and J. M. Edwards & Co, notifying them through Bradshaw of Rio Janeiro that the exportation of September coffee would probably be reduced from 1,500,000 bags to considerably less than 2,000,000 bags. Such a step by reducing the supply will bull the market. The general opinion seems to be that the market has touched bottom and will be stronger to-morrow. The extreme decline in the price of coffee for the past two weeks is from 21.30 two weeks ago to 15 cents yesterday, or over 6 1-4 cents a pound. There was some talk of trouble in banking circles as a result of yesterday's panic, but as the banks only loaned 50 per cent. of the market value on coffee, it is hard to see how any of them could have been involved.

On January 1, 1886, the price of No. 7 coffee was $6.60 per bag of 130 pounds; by December the price had risen month by month to 11.75. During the next five months and up to June 1, 1887, the rise was much more rapid and $20.45 was reached.

READ AND RUN.

—Bird board is now advertised in our city papers.

—The now notorious Jacob Sharp trial in New York is on.

—The condition of the German crown prince is considered serious.

—Baccalaureate sermons were rather freely preached last Sunday.

—There are twenty-four unmarried women in the foreign missionary field.

—The famous prestidigitateur Hermann has died in Germany, at the age of sixty-five.

—Bishop Stevens of the diocese of Pennsylvania, died last Saturday in Philadelphia.

—Ex-United States Senator Thurman and wife of Ohio have been in Boston for a number of days.

—It is not believed anywhere that the President will call an extra session of Congress in October.

—The President and his party came out of the woods and returned to Washington last Saturday night.

—The body of the actor George R. Parks was found floating in the harbor on Sunday last, a case of suicide.

—Queen Victoria is reported to be sinking under a weight of sorrow on the 50th anniversary of her coronation.

—A lockout of carpenters and masons on a scale similar to the one in Chicago is expected to occur at any time in Boston.

—Dan Rice, the veteran showman, now seventy-three years old, has married a Texas widow, a wealthy ranch owner.

—Very little jewelry, except of the costliest sort, is now worn in Paris, and flowers are gone out of fashion there, too.

—The Empress of Japan will next pay us a visit, thus affording another great opportunity for civic expenditure in Boston.

—Five thousand guests were invited to the wedding ceremonies, last week, of the daughter of a Missouri member of Congress.

—Nearly two thousand men have been thrown out of work in Chicago by the coke strike in the Pennsylvania coke regions.

—General Master Workman Powderly addressed an audience in this city, last Saturday night, that filled the large Mechanic Hall.

—The great Havermeyer sugar refinary was burned last Sunday at Greenpoint, L. I. The loss is about a million and three-quarters.

—The British government is considered to have taken an enormously arbitrary step, that completes the change in parliamentary government which cloture began.

—The new executive mansion at Albany was formally opened by the visit of the President and his party last week, on their return from the Adirondack woods.

—The English authoress, Mrs. Henry Wood, who recently died, whose powerful tale called "East Lynne" is known to so many readers left property valued at $80,000.

—The work of the managers of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association in preparation for the coming exhibition of this old association is progressing very satisfactorily.

—The public bathing places of Boston were opened the 1st of June, but the weather was too cold for nearly the first half of the month to allow their enjoyment to any noticeable degree.

—The Illinois legislature has passed an anti-conspiracy bill aimed at the anarchists. It makes conspirators guilty of any killing to which their plots may lead or in which they may result.

—It is currently stated that there are but four men living who were Senators of the United States at the time the war broke out—Jefferson Davis, Simon Cameron, Hannibal Hamlin and A. P. Kennedy.

—The son of Samuel Warren of England, author of "Ten thousand a Year," has accepted the call to the rectorship of the church in New York City formerly ministered by Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

—The late ex-Vice President Wheeler annually gave a thousand dollars to the home missions, and in his life had given large sums to seminaries and churches among the rest $3,000 to Andover Seminary.

—The menaced overthrow of the Rouvier ministry in France is understood to mean the triumphant return of General Boulanger, with the prospect of foreign war and the certainty of a military dictatorship.

—An Iowa citizen has just shipped 300,000 young pine trees from Wisconsin to Iowa, to be transplanted. He has made a shipment of the same character for nearly thirty years, and is wholly satisfied with his experience.

—German capitalists propose to open and operate iron smelting works at Pictou, N. S., if granted protection against foreign manufacturers, bringing over the German method of making iron, and one thousand workmen.

—Capt. John Davis died in East Boston last week at the age of eighty-one years. He was a captain of a ferry boat for a long term, and one of the late Father Taylor's warmest supporters, working with him as long as he lived.

—Ex-Secretary Manning has returned from Europe refreshed in body and mind, and feeling equal to any demand likely to be made upon him. He will reside in New York, in connection with the new Western National Bank.

—The earliest autograph letter of Queen Victoria, written in childish print characters, is addressed to Sir Henry Seton, and is still in existence. It reads thus: "How do you do, my dear Sir Henry? Your little friend, Victoria."

—Destructive rain storms occurred throughout the Ohio Valley during the first ten days of June, interrupting railroad travel, washing away bridges, drowning live stock, destroying crops, and carrying away large amounts of valuable timber.

—Mr. Onemet, superintendent of education in Quebec, is the twenty-fourth child of the same father and mother, and his case is not considered remarkable among the native French population there. The French in Canada are said now to number a million and a quarter.

—When a drummer's baggage weighs over 150 pounds, as it often does, he buys several tickets to his destination, and on these checks his baggage. Then he sells the tickets he does not want. In this way he successfully evades the restrictions of the interstate commerce law relating to baggage.

—When the Canadian Government undertook the construction of the present four thousand miles of railroad to the Pacific, it resolved that no liquor should be obtainable within ten miles of the line, along which 30,000 men of every nationality were afterwards at work. The road was built without the commission of a crime except those of a trifling nature.

—The recent land-slide on Mt. Mansfield, Vt., is reported to have been about two miles long, from 100 to 600 feet wide, and from 10 to 40 feet deep. Trees from fifty to eighty feet high, and one to three feet in diameter, were seen to be hurled down the mountain side like corn cobs, while rocks weighing up to 800 tons were hurled hurled like base balls. This accumulation of timber, rocks, and earth is piled up at the base of the mountain.

ONE VETERAN.

There is an United States pensioner in Newburyport now about sixty-five years old who is a hero of two wars—the Mexican, when he followed the standard of Scott, and the rebellion under McClellan on the "peninsula" and Grant in the "wilderness" In his last battle he was shot through the head, a bullet going in just above the forehead and coming out the back side. The marks of the bullet's entrance and exit are to be seen to-day. He was not expected to recover or to live many hours, but he did recover and lives to-day.

—As an illustration of the fact that the markets of the whole world are becoming more and more inter-dependent, the following incident has interest: A letter has been received by the Associated Press from a Hindoo broker at Bhaonagar, India, asking for daily cable quotations of cotton receipts at United States ports and of cotton futures at New York.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

The Rights of the Negro Practically Demonstrated.

The Chicago News says that the question raised by the Vicksburg Southrons and the Memphis Zouaves about equality has been settled by an appeal to arms. It has been formally decided, and the decision is registered in the blood of the first families of Mississippi, that a "nigger" is as good as a white man—in a fight. The great social question which has been agitating Washington all the week was decided in a bar-room near the camp of the militia last Friday. A colored man wearing the uniform of the Virginia troops came in and called for a glass of beer. A man in citizen's clothing announced in a commanding tone that "no nigger kin drink at the same bar with me." The barkeeper drew the beer and the colored militiaman laid a nickel down on the counter. The representative of the Southern chivalry commenced to rear and pitch and use foul language, declaring with oaths and obscenity that he would not march with a nigger and would feel it his duty to lick any nigger who tried to drink at the same bar with him.

The young man's friends tried to restrain him, and the barkeeper, who was a most sarcastic man, observed that he was running the place at present and should sell drinks to whoever had the money to pay for them. He remarked, too, that he sold a good deal of beer to niggers, and their money was as good as any ever gathered in. The royal blood of the Vicksburg man boiled. Remarking again that no nigger could drink at the same bar with him, he emphasized the assertion by knocking the glass out of the colored soldier's hand. The latter, in good temper, said:—

"I ain't got no quarrel with you, boss; I ain't got no quarrel with you. You don't know me, and I don't know you, and I ain't here to quarrel with any one. I want my beer, and I'll go.

The Southern gentleman, with another torrent of profanity and many words that cannot appear in print, slapped the negro's face. With the quickness of a lightning flash and the force of a trip-hammer a fist about the size and color of a well cured ham flew up and smote the Southern aristocracy square in the face. He staggered and fell, but before he reached the floor he got another of the same sort which spattered the blood of the first families of Mississippi all over the bar. The negro then drew back and in a quiet voice said: "Come dat loafer 'way from me, or I'll hit him again."

What was left of the haughty Southron was taken to the washroom and repaired. His facial angle was mashed as flat as a pancake. There was a deep cut on his cheek, his lips were blue with bruises, the blood spurted from his nose, and he was a sorry-looking spectacle. The negro drank his beer and was about to leave the place when he was arrested by a policeman whom the young man's friends had called in as a re-enforcement. He explained that the Vicksburg fellow had assaulted him, and the barkeeper told the story of the fight, but being a colored man, the soldier had to suffer for his self-assertion, and was taken to the police station. When Judge Snell heard the evidence in the police court he dismissed the case, and in doing so he rather complimented the negro for standing up to his rights.

☞ The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the year ending March 31, 1887, "is issued in pamphlet form, and we acknowledge our indebtedness to the Secretary for an early copy.

☞ *A Shuman & Co.*, No. 440 Washington Street, Boston, advance to the summer campaign with a full stock of flannels, which they announce in our advertising columns to be regulation clothfinish. The blue flannel suits offered by this firm are indisputable in point of taste, skill, and prices. Their concise description of the characteristics of these goods will well repay a careful consultation. Shuman & Co., have the reputation of getting and keeping inside on all the points which par chasers consider essential to their own interests.

☞ The well-known Boston carriage firm of *Kimball Brothers*, Nos., 110, 112, and 114 Sudbury Street, are making special prices to customers in order to redoce stock, and their liberal offer is worth consklering. To visit their well-stocked waro-rooms is equivalent to a study in vehicles that will greatly assist the taste and judgment. Their advertisement may be consulted with decided profit to all intending purchasers.

☞ This being the season when the manufacturers of and dealers in Haying Implements bring their various tools to the attention of the wide-farming public, we take special pleasure in directing the readers of the *Ploughman* to the advertisement of *C. H. Thompson and Co.*, in another column, whose extensive warehouses are at 71 Clinton and 80 and 82 South Market streets, Boston. No larger stocks of implements needed for harvesting the grass crop are carried by any house in New England. Among them are the celebrated Walter A. Wood Mower, the New Champion Horse Rake, and the Thomas Tedder. A call before purchasing, will be pretty sure to be money in the pocket.

☞ The estate advertised in a growing village near Lynn, in another column, is worth special attention. The offer is one that should not be passed by.

☞ *The Pansy Sewing Machine* is scoring praises from all purchasers, who are delighted with its operating qualities. The ladies call it a "perfect little jewel," though the Pansy itself is a simple flower.

☞ *The Adamanta Manufacturing Company's* Enamel Paints, for which Henry W. Peabody & Co., are the selling agents in Boston and New York, are made by new processes and from the best materials. They are adapted for both inside and outside work. It will pay one to consult the Company's advertisement in another column, and send for price list.

School boys are whipped by birch, but Hanlan was broken by Beach, and both, by a rod.

☞ Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose ten cents in stamps for large illustrated pamphlet suggesting sure cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

oct30–33t

A recent jubilee concert programme rendered "Steal away to Jesus with the Lord's Prayer". No use, he has heard it often, and you can't ring in on such a chestnut.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthmo and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curatiqa powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct9-1y6ow

We don't experience any earthquakes in this vicinity, but in East Boston they frequently have a launch.

DYSPEPSIA—Its Causes and Cure, sent free by J. H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 yrs. City Treas. oct16—52t

Dairy men cannot deny the stories told about their methods. Don't they "water their stock P" and each have his milkmaid?

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

An Ohio paper announced, "Youngstown is going into the steel business." As they have several banks there, with a straight road to Canada, it is singular they have not done so sooner.

☞ POND'S EXTRACT, for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Burns and all Inflammation. Its wonderful curative influence is long maintained. Genuine only in bottles with Buff wrappers.

REGULATION CLOTH-FINISH - FLANNELS. -

Summer 1887.

For the favorable consideration of our patrons and the purchasing public, we call attention to our large and varied stock of

BLUE FLANNEL SUITS

For Gentlemen's, Boys' and Children's summer wear, at prices commensurate with the best material and workmanship, viz:

GENT'S,	$12.00,	$15.00,	$18.00
BOYS',	8.00,	10.00,	12.00
CHILDREN'S,	5.00,	6.00,	8.00

These garments are made from the best makes of standard flannels, French finish, full indigo, long-staple wool, and are especially desirable and serviceable at the purchasing price.

The advantages of Flannel Suits for hot weather purposes are obvious; being light in material and soft in finish, they can be worn with comfort at a season of the year when thin clothing is most needed, and at the same time are as dressy and genteel in appearance as heavier and more costly material.

For all the requirements of the seashore and mountains or the ordinary home or business use, these suits are particularly adapted; combining, as they do, excellence of texture, perfection of finish and moderation of price.

A. SHUMAN & CO.

440 WASHINGTON ST.

To Cor. Summer.

June18 1t

ESTABLISHED 1817.

KIMBALL BROTHERS, CARRIAGES!

We have the LARGEST STOCK to be found in New England, and will make SPECIAL PRICES to reduce stock.

110, 112 and 114 SUDBURY ST.

BOSTON.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

LOCATED in a growing village, 2½ miles from the city of Lynn, Mass., and distance from Boston, 10 miles. It contains 54,000 feet of land in one block, with streets on three sides. Easterly, and on the opposite side of the street is another lot of land containing about 11,000 feet, and fronting 200 ft. The first named lot is all graded in the most desirable manner, upon which is a dwelling house of modern style, 24x32, annex 16x22, two stories; 11 rooms, well finished; a Reynolds' Furnace in Basement; hot and cold water; Bath-room, etc. Also a Stable, 32x60, one of the best in the town, well built and expensively finished inside and outside, with water carried thereto. Also a fine house and Dutch House, built with good taste and convenience, with spacious yard-room. Fifteen fruit trees in bearing condition; Lawn and flowers in front of the House. Off to the east of these premises and across the river, is a broad view extending to the ocean. These buildings were erected by the owner for his own life-long home. Both material and workmanship are of the best quality. Change of plans now puts this property into the market at a very low price. Thirty trains of cars run daily between said cities. Depot within 40 rods. Horse cars run to Lynn every half hour. For full information enquire of

I. L. ROBINSON, 42 Central Ave., Chelsea,
or W. BROWN, 3 Central Square, Lynn,
or of Mr. G. Flanders, 97.

jel8-1t

Situation Wanted.

AN experienced middle-aged, American man, single, strictly temperate and first-class reference, desires a situation a month or more as laying, and other farm work. (no salt marsh.) Wages expected, including board, one month, $26.00. Address "JASON, JR.," Hotel Douglass, Uphams' Corner, Boston, Mass., Dorchester District. je18-2t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, June 6, by Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., Mr. Charles M. Evans and Miss Harriet E. Parks.

In Boston Highlands, June 8, by Rev O. D. Kimball, Mr. Alfred Hilcke and Miss Fannie Chamberlain, both of Boston.

In this city, at Kings Chapel, by Rev. Henry W. Foote, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer and Miss Pauline Revere.

In this city, June 8, by Rev. Wm. Lawrence, Mr. Lowell Emerson and Miss Annie S. Pierce.

In this city, June 8, by Rev. Wilford L. Robbins, William Bruce Harding of New York, and Miss Annie Barton, daughter of William. W. Page, Esq.

In Cotuit, June 4, Charles O. Dam, of Boston and Miss Isabell Nickerson.

In Arlington, June 12, by Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, of Franklin, Mass., Mr. Albert Lewis Smith of Boston, to Miss Mary A. Worthley, of Clinton.

In Dover, N. H., June 8, by Rev. George N. Hall Edward E. Small, of Dorchester, and Miss Edith A. Perry, of Dover.

In North Reading, May 24, Mr. Wallace B. Burdett, and Miss Mary O. Upton, both of North Reading.

In Taunton, June 8, Samuel Stewart, of Taunton, and Annie Murray, of Boston.

In this city, June 9, by Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Mr. William A. Carter, and Miss Annie L. Putnam, both of Boston.

In Mattapan, June 9, by Rev. John T. Magrath, Mr. Joseph W. Cox and Miss Adeline F. Vose, and at the same time and place, Mr. Charles E. Turner and Miss Florence B. Vose.

In Newton, June 8, Mr. Roland Thaxter and Miss Mabel G. Freeman, daughter of the late Edmund Freeman, of Springfield.

DEATHS.

In this city, June 9, James H. Cushing, 22 yrs. 8 mos. 9 ds.

In this city, June 6, Lydia Balcom, 56 yrs.

In this city, June 9, Mrs. Ann, widow of John Clarke, formerly of Sandwich, 68 yrs. 3 mos.

In this city, Mr. Thomas Hilton, 50 yrs. 18 dys.

In Lynn, June 5, Mrs. Jane Almond, 70 yrs. 11 mos.

In Brockton, June 8, Nancy Buckley, 71 yrs.

In Taunton, June 9, Mrs. Sarah W. Ellis, 95 yrs.

In Taunton, June 8, Mary, wife of John Davis, 87 yrs.

In Cambridge, June 10, William Frost, 85 yrs. 7 mos. 4 dys.

In Gloucester Island, Salem, June 11, Charles Folsom Walcott, 51 year.

In Marion, June 8, Eliza, wife of Capt. Peleg Blankinship, 79 yrs.

In Canton, June 8, Martha F., wife of William Horace Bright, 33 yrs.

In Peabody, June 9, Mary F., widow of S. Francis Buckley, 70 yrs. 5 mos.

In Roslindale, June 9, Alice Fraser, 73 yrs.

In Milton, June 12, Gideon Beck, 69 yrs. 10 mos.

In Foxboro', June 10, Erastus Grover, 72 yrs.

June 12, Wm. Pearson, 80 yrs. 3 mos. 4 dys.

In West Dedham, George Fisher, 56 yrs. 7 mos.

In Randolph, June 7, Martha M., wife of Ralph Houghton, 42 yrs. 10 mos.

In Shelburn, N. H., June 7, Edward C. Nichols, of Dorchester.

In West Roxbury, June 6, Charles E. Noyes, 81 yrs. 5 mos.

In Watertown, June 6, Mrs. Susan C. Worcester, wife of Frank Worcester, 46 yrs.

In Charlestown, June 9, Aaron Rowell, 86 yrs. 1 mos. 17 dys

FORBES

LITHOGRAPH

Manufacturing Co.

181 Devonshire Street, BOSTON.

Lithographers,

Albertype & Photo-Lithographers

Metal & Glass Show Cards,

A thorough and economic means of advertising

FARM IMPLEMENTS & FERTILIZERS.

DIPLOMAS

—FOR—

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

sp22-tf

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBAT COURT.

To the next of kin, Creditors, and all others persons interested in the estate of ANDREW J. WILLIS, late of Acton, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to ASAHEL BALCOM, of Maynard, in the County of Middlesex.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of June instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same; and the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citatation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Frye's Patent Steel Coulter Harrow.

THE BEST IN USE.

The teeth are make of best Spring Steel, Oil Tem pered and hammered sharp. They are so arranged that they enter the soil easily, and are not liable to choke with Stones, Stalks, or other rubbish. When desired we supply Teeth and Irons alone, and furnish pattern of frame.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,

71 Clinton, 80 and 82 South Market St., and 34 Merchants Row, Boston.

june18-1t

CLARENCE S. BURR,

Manufacturer and Importer of

FINE HARNESSES

AND HORSE FURNISHINGS.

21 Milk Street, Boston.

may7-13t

SWEET, WHOLESOME BREAD

IS the most satisfactory of all food. Such bread can be ensured by the use of ST. LAWRENCE YEAST CAKES. Correspondence solicited with those having difficulty with their bread. Send for samples and our receipts for bread and biscuit to ST. LAWRENCE YEAST CO., Boston, Mass.

aug26-1y

CORN SHELLER.

Patented Nov. 23, 1886.

WONDERFULLY effective, durable, and cheap. Manufactured by the patentee

A. H. PATCH, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Separates corn from the Cob, and does perfect work The best small Sheller made. It may be seen in operation at

220 Devonshire St., Room 20, Boston, Mass.

Description and terms by mail if desired.

jan15-3m

OSY HOMES!

How to Build Them.

A book of 32 pages, showing complete designs of 10 low-cost houses, with valuable information for those who wish to build economically. The book will be mailed, post-paid on receipt of Price, 25 Cents. Postage stamps taken.

F. L. SMITH, Architect, 235 Washington St., BOSTON.

apr16-13t

HOLSTEIN-FRESIANS,

Largest and Best Herd in New England.

We are now offering some of the best heifers coming two years old, and due to calve next spring, that have ever been sold in the country. Also have some bull calves from our best cows that are first-class animals. Prices moderate. Visitors welcome. Come and examine this herd before you buy.

Lake View Farm,

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

W. A. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

J. C. POOR, Manager. jan14

VICTOR PULVERIZING HARROW.

The most durable, easiest handled, does more and better work than any other harrow in use.

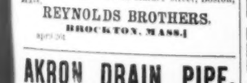
Has two rows of a double gang of steel teeth, (two to each rear and supporting arm,) curved to right and left, said arms bolted to cross-bar. This construction is very strong and durable and prevents clogging in any condition of soil. The teeth are made of fine tough steel and given a good oil temper and by their peculiar shape they cut, turn, pulverize and level the soil, leaving it in the most perfect condition. Send for circular. On Exhibition and for sale by C. H. THOMPSON & Co., 71 Clinton Street, and 80 and 82 South Market street, Boston.

REYNOLDS BROTHERS.

BROCKTON, Mass.

apr7-26t

AKRON DRAIN PIPE,



CEMENT, LIME, &c.

WALDO BROS.,

88 Water Street, Boston.

apr9—13t

Michigan and Canada Ashes

As a Fertilizer. Leached and unleached Hard-wood Ashes delivered in car loads at your nearest Railroad Station at low prices. Quality and quantity guaranteed. Write for prices.

may21 26t JAMES HARTNESS, Detroit, Mich.

LADIES

Follow Directions CAREFULLY

Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

apr2—13t

EQUITABLE

MORTGAGE COMPANY,

Capital Subscribed, - - $2,000,000

Paid in (Cash - - - 1,000,000

DEBENTURES

Bearing 6 per cent., running ten years, and based exclusively upon Western Farm Mortgages, held in New York for the benefit of the bondholders. Their safety, time to run, and rate of interest make them the most desirable investment now offered. Also

Guaranteed Farm Mortgages.

OFFICES.

NEW YORK, 208 B'way. | PHILAD'A, 112 S. 4th St.

BOSTON, 21 Court St. | KANS. CITY, 7th & Del Sts

may26 1t Send for Pamphlet.

BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP.

Runs easy and throws a constant stream. It is easily set; is the cheapest and best force pump made for deep or shallow wells. Never freezes. Also the

IRON TURBINE WIND ENGINE

Simplest, Strongest, most Durable

PIPE AND FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS.

Best well Material of every Description.

Wells Sunk in Earth or Rock.

MAST, FOOS & CO.,

34 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

feb26—sowtf

Send for Circulars, Prices, &c.

FREE A $2.50 Gold Ring to all who will act as our agents. The Journal Co., Essex, Conn. may19-

SCALDS and BURNS Should have Prompt and proper care or they may prove very dangerous and perhaps FATAL.

ACCIDENTS are constantly happening. A kick of a horse or cow may cause a bad bruise; the slip of an axe or Knife may result in a serious Cut.

Any of these things may happen to one of YOUR family at any moment.

Have you a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ready for use in such cases? It has no equal for the cure of Scalds, burns, cuts, swellings, bruises, Sprains, sores, insect bites &c.—All Druggists Sell it.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, PROVIDENCE R.I.

June26—26tcow

POSITIVE BARGAINS

Anything in the line of

FURNITURE!

Of our manufacture at

Wholesale Prices.

F. M. HOLMES FURNITURE CO.

116 Tremont Street, Boston.

June4-4t

CANADA HARD-WOOD UNLEACHED ASHES

In car lots, 14 to 17 tons. This being our only business, our long experience enables us to guarantee the quality to be the "best." Price and pamphlet sent on application to

MUNROE, JUDSON & STROUP,

Oswego, N. Y.

apr23-5.1

CARRIAGES

Of all Descriptions.

We are now thoroughly supplied with a large and varied stock of fine Carriages, consisting of Berlin Coaches, Broughams, Landaulets, Victorias and Goddard style, Corning and Trotting Buggies of our own special manufacture. Of these we can speak, as we know that in every particular they are the finest which can be built by any one, whether they have a reputation or not.

We have also a large collection of Light and Heavy Carriages from the best New England and New York builders. These we have not the least hesitation in warranting one of the finest, as we purchase from none but the best builders, which our long experience has enabled us to determine, and we carry nothing but first and second grades.

We are thus in a position to furnish our customers with the finest carriages at reasonable prices, as we endeavor to sell for a small profit.

S. A. STEWART & CO.

Carriage Manufacturers and Dealers.

118 & 120 SUDBURY ST., BOSTON.

may7-52

LATEST IMPROVED

HORSE POWER

AND SAWING WOOD.

Acknowledged by all competent judges to be the most thoroughly reliable machines in the market, regarding easy draft, quantity and quality of work, and durability. Send for 48-page Pamphlet giving full description and terms, FREE. Address

A. W. GRAY'S SONS,

PATENTERS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS

MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, VT.

Exhibition and for sale by C. H. Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton St., Boston.

jan1—tf

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

WATERPROOF. SELF-SHINING.

The Best Dressing in the World for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes. One bottle will last a lady one year or a gentleman six months.

Price 50 Cents.

Wholesale Trade supplied at

8 SHAWMUT AVENUE BOSTON.

For sale by HENRY H. TUTTLE & CO., 453 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

apr16-52t

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

sep25-52t

SOMETHING NEW!

Send 25 cents to H. P. Kendall, Sterling, Mass., for a pair of "Stuart Trace Snaps." A new device for hitching the trace to whiffletree. Any one can fit them on to any whiffletree. A new trace is hitched easily, and a taut one can be unhitched instantly. Liberal terms to agents.

may21-6t

CUSTOM MADE PANTS $3.

Vests to Match for $2.25.

Also, FULL SUITS at Popular Prices.

Send 6 cts. for Samples of Cloths, rules for self-measurement, and other particulars, showing how we can make to order a perfect fit. Address, a pair of

The Celebrated Bay State Pants, For $3.

We give excellent value for the money incredible as it may seem. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: American Express Co., Boston. Address

BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley St., Boston.

may7 13t MASS.

STONINGTON LINE.

INSIDE ROUTE.

—FOR—

NEW YORK SOUTH AND WEST.

Express trains leave Boston & Providence R. R Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:30 P. M.

Tickets and Staterooms secured at Company office, 4th Washington street, cor. State, and at Boston & Providence R. R. Station.

J.W. RICHARDSON, Agent, Boston

A. A. FOLGER, Supt. B. & P. R. R.

HE ENTERTAINED EMERSON.

While Ralph Waldo Emerson was on his way to California several years ago he fell in with a gentleman who was altogether so sociable and chatty that an otherwise tedious journey was rendered as cheerful as you please. This gentleman's name was Sackett, and he told Mr. Emerson that he resided in San Francisco—this was all the information he ventured concerning himself, but from his conversation Mr. Emerson gathered that his newly-made acquaintance was indeed a gentleman of intelligence and standing. Mr. Sackett pointed out all the points of interest along the way, retailed a lot of amusing anecdotes and, best of all, was an attentive listener when Mr. Emerson fell to discoursing upon the Is, the To Be, the Seeming and other frothy subjects with which his scholarly and saintly intellect seemed thoroughly conversant.

The natural consequence was that Mr. Emerson came to the conclusion that Mr. Sackett was as charming a gentleman as he had ever met with, and it was in this positive conviction that he accepted Mr. Sackett's invitation to dine with him immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco. The next morning Mr. Emerson was well-nigh paralyzed to find in all the local papers this startling personal notice: "Prof. Waldo Emerson, the eminent philosopher, scholar and poet, is in our city as the guest of Mr. J. H. Sackett, the well-known proprietor of the Brush Street Dime Museum; matinees every half-hour admission only ten cents. The double-headed calf and the dog-faced boy this week!"

Mr. Sackett is now in the amusement business in Chicago, and he refers to his experience with the sage of Concord as one of the most profitable strokes of enterprise in his long and active career.—[Chicago News.

A SMALL LEAK

will sink a great ship; and what at first appears to be a trifling cough is apt to culminate in consumption if not properly attended to in time. For consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and for all blood and skin diseases, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal.

A QUEER LAND TITLE.

A friend of mine, Hugh Craig, a graduate of Oxford, told me a story once, which I have since seen in the Overland Monthly, regarding a claim to a title.

At a "land court" a middle-aged Maori appeared, and made a long speech, giving the reason why a title to a certain piece of land should be given to him.

An old, grizzled Maori had listened without saying a word.

At last, as the younger man was about finishing his speech, he inquired:

"Where are my ancestors buried, but in this land where I was born?

When he had ended, the old man-eater slowly arose, and throwing off everything but a waist-cloth, he bounded across the room and addressed the court, saying:

"I have listened with disgust and contempt to the words of this turturn (nobody). What claim can he have to this land? I conquered long ago the people and lived on that land, when he was a small child; that the mistake I then made was in permitting him to live! And he asks: "Where are his ancestors buried! I tell him, and show him. Here! here!"—patting his stomach with his left hand. "His ancestors are here. I ate them and that is my title to the land."

No better or stronger title to native land can be brought before the native land courts than the above-described "Title by Digestion."

If the Massachusetts Title Insurance Company would open a branch office in the land of the Maoris, it might find some very interesting work in looking up land titles.—[Brookline news.

LECTURE ON Rough on Rats.

This is what killed your poor father. Shun it. Avoid anything containing it. Shun it throughout your future useful (?) careers. We elder heads object to its special "ROUGH" NESS.

DON'T FOOL away time and efforts with nasty, powder, lumpy, clean and what not, used at random all over the house to get rid of BEETLES Roaches, Water-bugs.

For two or three nights sprinkle "Rough on Rats" dry powder, in about and down the sink, drain pipe. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the sink, drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret is in the fact that wherever insects are in the house, they must drink during the night. ROACHES

Clears out Rats, Mice, Bed-bugs, Flies, Beetles, "ROUGH ON RATS" is sold all around the world, in every clime, is the most extensively advertised, and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe.

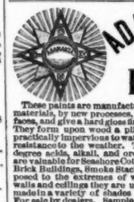
DESTROYS POTATO BUGS

For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., a tablespoonful of the powder, well shaken in a pail of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c., 25c. and $1 Boxes. Get it.

"ROUGH ON RATS" —CLEARS OUT— BED BUGS, FLIES.

Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, sparrows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers. 15c.

June4 49rm



These paints are manufactured from only the best materials, by new processes, are adapted for all surfaces, and give a hard gloss finish of great durability. They form upon wood a pliable coating which is practically impervious to water and offers proto rest resistance to the weather. They retain a marked degree of acids, alkali, and ordinary solvents. They are valuable for Seashore Cottages, Vessels, Iron and Brick Buildings, Smoke Stacks and all surfaces exposed to the extremes of weather. For finishing walls and ceilings they are unsurpassed. They are made in a variety of shades mixed ready for use. For sale by dealers. Sample cards and prices furnished upon application.

ADAMANTA MFG. CO.,

HENRY W. PEABODY & CO., Selling Agts.,

17 Mason Bldg, Boston. 81 New St., New York.

June18-13t

RAVEN PASTE POLISH STOVE

WILL NOT STAIN. NO DUST OR ODOR, and only One-Third THE LABOR. Ask your grocer for it. Hall & Atwell Boston, Mass.

June18-52t

DRAIN LAND TILE TILE

For underdraining Wet Land.

Is the smoothest, strongest and best.

Is round inside, and hexagon outside.

Is not out of shape like some Tile.

A large stock, all sizes, on hand.

Special rates for Car-loads.

Send for circular of prices.

Geo. D. Goodrich, 68 Water St., Boston.

apr9-13t

HIRES IMPROVED ROOT BEER

25 CENTS PACKAGE.

Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

apr2—4teow

WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man or woman of profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary $25 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

oct23—52t

WORTHLEY'S Livery, Horse Car, and Private Stable fittings, are now a general use. Send for Catalogue of MANGERS, STALL GUTTERS, SAFETY SCUTTLES, GUARDS, &c. &c. BROAD GUAGE IRON WORKS 53 Elm Street, Boston

dec18 52t

ESTABLISHED 1866.

NO TAR FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING.

CHEAP WATER PROOF, Applied by our new STEAM PROCESS. Fluid method is by the time and by the labor of any other way. Does not rust nor rattle. It is so Economical and DURABLE SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER on walls, Substitute for CARPETS and RUGS of same material, cheaper and better than Oil Cloth. Send for Circulars and Samples.

W. H. FAY & CO. CAMDEN, N. J.

ST. LOUIS. MINNEAPOLIS. CHARL'N.

apr2—22t omitjulyaug.

LAND FOR SALE

At Savin Hill, Dorchester,

Near the Seashore; valuable Building Lots; within 3 miles of State Street. Will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for desirable city property. Apply to PLOUGHMAN OFFICE, Boston.

Best Harness in the World

For the money; largest stock and best variety in Boston; robes, blankets, horse and stable furnishings. E. P. WYER & CO., 63 Sudbury St., Boston.

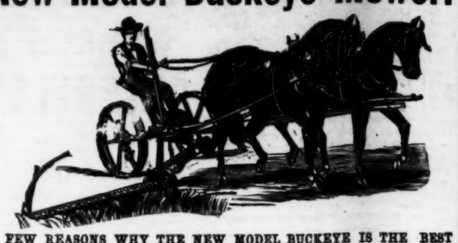
feb5—26t

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, early decay, loss of manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus Conn.

jun11—52t

THE STANDARD

New Model Buckeye Mower.



A FEW REASONS WHY THE NEW MODEL BUCKEYE IS THE BEST

It is the simplest, contains fewer parts, has fewer and better bearings, and fewer places for oiling. It can be understood and kept in order by the ordinary farm hand. Its parts can be tightened, and set up as wear occurs.

Is built on correct mechanical principles. Straight gearing used for quickest speeds. Is positively the lightest draft. It is the best braced, the strongest, most durable the best for rough uneven ground, consequently the best for smooth mowing. No loose connections, or knuckle joints.

The easiest to ride upon, the easiest to handle both for team and driver. Will do more work and better work. Will last longer. Costs less for repairs. Extra parts are more easily obtained. No loss of time in the hay field for repairs. It raises the bar higher, and lifts easier to pass obstructions. It is more in use than any other kind, showing its appreciation by the farmers.

The only Machine with the Double Hinge Floating Finger Bar, adapting itself to all varieties of surface. The only machine in which the Bar Folds Flat Across the Frame, making it as portable as the wagon. The only Machine that can be Worked With One Horse with ease.

☞The only Machine that can present the above claims as genuine.

Buy the Standard New Model Buckeye, and be assured your haying season will be both pleasant and profitable.

THE RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING CO.

MANUFACTURERS,

my21-tf WORCESTER, MASS.

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.

FOR SALE BY AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN.

Since 1865 this fertilizer has proved like Farm-yard manure. good for any crop, on any soil, in any climate.

Try it alongside or brands which advertise attractive "valuations," and see if the latter even equal it in their effect on the soil. Any farmer may thus learn to his own satisfaction the doubtful value of "commercial valuations," as against the agricultural value of a good fertilizer.

Apply for Pamphlets, etc., to

GLIDDEN & CURTIS,

GENERAL SELLING AGENTS,

BOSTON, MASS.

febart

PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY.

TIME-TESTED & APPROVED,

The DOLLAR MOWER KNIFE GRINDER

Circulars Free. Agents Wanted.

Whitman & Barnes Mfg. Co. 32 So. Market St., Boston, Mass.

may14—9t

SO HORRID!

He was an anomaly among his kind—a modest reporter. He had dropped into the Elite Club ball-room, to write a ten-line notice of the affair.

Suddenly he found himself confronted by a bejewelled and bedecked lady, who said, sweetly:

"Ah, I know you; you're one of those horrid reporters, aren't you?"

"I am a reporter, madam!"

"I knew it. And you've come to write all sorts of horrid things about us poor ladies, who can't help ourselves.

"Indeed, madam, I——"

"Oh, yes, you will! I just think you reporters are too horrid for anything!"

"I am not——"

"You go and put all sorts of things in the papers about us. It's just dreadful! I get real cross about it!"

"I assure you, madam, that——"

"Oh, well, I suppose it is your business to be so horridly awful! I suppose, now, you have come to write up all the costumes in your horrid way; and you'll have all our names in the paper, too!"

"No, madam; I——"

"Oh, I know you will! You always say you won't, and then you do! You're just so dreadful! I do think it's too provoking in you! We poor ladies can't do a thing that you don't put it in the paper!"

"I intend writing but a brief notice of this ball."

"Oh, well, I suppose you'll put in some names; so, here is my card, so that the name won't be spelled wrong, as it was in your account of Mrs. De White's party! And there's a good description of my costume on the back of the card! Don't forget to write 'diamond ornaments!' I think I'm real good to take so much trouble for you, when you are so perfectly horrid as to go and put it all in the paper. Oh, you wicked, naughty, horrid man! It makes me cross to look at you! Good-bye! Be sure you get my name right this time! You'll be more horrid than ever, if you don't!"—[Puck.

The Pansy Sewing Machine, $3.50.

THIS is not merely a toy, or gotten up simply to sell. It is what every lady in the land should have, as many are not strong enough to run a foot-power machine. It makes the popular Wilcox & Gibbs stitch, and will do any light sewing done by a foot-power machine, and do it as well. It is the cheapest, lightest, most simple and fastest running hand machine ever invented. It weighs but 2½ lbs., makes 3 stitches to every turn of the wheel, and is so simple in construction that a child 5 years old can run it, and be amused and benefitted. The Pansy is particularly well adapted for ladies travelling, also for servant girls' use. Thousands are now in use, and hundreds of ladies have already testified to its utility. Sent securely packed, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of $3.50.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,

132 Pearl St., Boston.

My friend is pleased with the machine. It works perfectly. She has made a dress on the little Pansy. This is the most wonderful machine I ever saw.

ANNIE WALKER, Garden City, L. I.

I write to tell you I received the Pansy Sewing Machine safe, and am well pleased. It does splendidly, sewing everything a small family needs. My mother is delighted with it. It is just the trick for her. She is an invalid in her lower limbs, and I cut and carry to her, and she can sit and sew all day. We are all well pleased with it.

Miss A. V. LAW, New Hall, Cal.

I would not trade my Pansy Machine for any large one I ever saw. I have made two dresses, and am making the third on it. Respectfully,

MARY STRATER, Whitinsville, Mass.

Jel8—4t

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2,246 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Elocution, etc. Tuition, $5 to $20; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $5 to $7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 6, 1887. For Illustrated Calendar, with full information, address E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

June18—6teow

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest Inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up Clubs for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set. Send for Price List and Terms. Wagon Boss Lamp, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Chain, &c. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

oct9.52t

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Pres. and Treas

WM. H. FAY, Secretary.

[BOSTON OFFICE,

NO. 27 STATE STREET.

Legal Agencies in every town.

Cash Fund, April 1, 1886..... $500,831.50

Amount at Risk..... $20,831,345.00

Surplus over Re-insurance..... $293,705.00

Required for Re-insurance..... $216,176.50

Dividends, 60 per cent. on 5 years; 40 per cent. on 3 years; 30 per cent. on all others.

dec25-52w

TIGER RAKE.

Farmers should know that the Tiger is the Standard Rake of the world. It is the strongest Dump Rake ever made. All the repairs wanted for the 8,000 Tiger Rakes now in use in New England, (not including teeth) will not amount to twenty-five dollars during the season. It has a new Fertilizer attachment that sows ashes, plaster, fertilizer, etc., good as any machine made. They are cheap, and go into any "Tiger" Rake. The Tiger will do double the service of any other wheel dump Rake. Be sure and examine it before you buy.

If you want a thoroughly well made, strong and very durable Mower, see the Continental No. 6, made by the Johnston Harvester Co. Their one-horse Mower is a beauty. Agents wanted.

The Heald Tedder has two forks outside the wheels, and is the lightest draft and easiest handling Hay Tedder ever made. Send for circulars.

GEO. TYLER & CO.

43 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.

June11tf

Hall's English Food —FOR— Horses, Cattle & Poultry

UNEQUALLED FOR ITS

Purity and Excellence

By any similar preparation in the country. A delicious and healthful giving condition.

Read the following testimonial from Hon. GEO. B. LORING, President New England Agricultural Society:

Hall's English Food Co., 17 Batterymarch street, Boston, Mass.. Dear Sir:—

"I have fed the Hall's English Food for Horses and Cattle according to the directions to my Horses, and find it to be all it claims to be, and more. The effect was all that could be desired. It improved the condition of the animals and gave them spirit and energy for their work. I can highly recommend it.

Yours truly, GEO. B. LORING.

Sent C. O. D. at the following prices:

25-lb Bag, 100 Feeds, $2.00

50-lb " 200 " 3.50

100-lb " 400 " 7.00

HALL'S ENGLISH FOOD CO.,

17 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED in every town.

Send for Circulars. Mention this paper.

ly31-52t

Send for Samples of

VAMPIRE BLACK

Water-Proof Leather Oil,

AND KEEP YOUR

HARNESSES,

BOOTS AND SHOES

SOFT.

CANTON PAINT AND OIL CO.

MELROSE, MASS.

nov13 52t

SUFFERERS FROM Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood! BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a train of evil sequence that has reduced the general system so much as to seriously abuse every other function, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are content for every thing but the right one. Notwithstanding the many worthless remedies that continually accumulate, has produced for the relief of this class of persons, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented largely, and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The succeeding prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been selected for the perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

℞—

Jerubebin, 1 drachm.

Helonias Dioica, 4 drachms.

Damiana, 2 grains.

Ext. Apocynin amara (oleothelic), 2 grains.

Ext. leptandrin, 5 scruples.

Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 9 p.m., and another at 4 a.m. next morning. If more than 1 is necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility, and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. Some preventive powers of this nature also are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this subject, we have decided for those who would prefer to obtain it of us, by remitting $1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail, free from observation. Address as we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for $5.

Sold by druggists.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,

132 Pearl St., Boston.

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

24 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

nov12—26t

WE STILL HOLD THE LEAD

WITH THE

New Tilting Bar 45,557 Sold in 1886.

WALTER A. WOOD, NEW ENCLOSED GEAR MOWER.

We assert without fear of contradiction that this is the best Mower ever produced.

THE THOMAS TEDDER.

Our experience with this machine proves it to be the lightest draft, best working Tedder in the market.

HAYING TOOLS, of Every Description, at lowest prices.

The Oliver Chilled Plows, The Perfect Side Hill Plow.

The Thompson Horse Hoe, same pattern as Hussey, $6.00.

The Whitcomb Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined, same pattern as "Iron Age," $6.00.

NEW CHAMPION RAKE,

With patent oscillating cleaner and sled runner teeth which prevent scratching, and do not gather trash that may be laying on the ground.

Also a few Wood and Iron Frame Cultivators and Horse Hoes. Stock of 1886 to be cleared out at half price.

Call and Examine the Standard Wind Mill in operation at our store.

Enstlage Corn, Hungarian, Millet and Barley, Paris Green, Slug Shot, Dalmation Powder. When desired we sell Heavy Implements on the Instalment Plan.

Inspect our stock and secure our prices.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,

71 Clinton, 80 and 82 South Market Sts., & 34 Merchants Row, BOSTON, MASS.

june18—1t

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send Free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN. LINIMENT

nov27 52t

Farmers, Equip Yourselves with the Best!

NEW CLIPPER MOWER,

"STANDARD"

HAY TEDDER,

"STANDARD"

HORSE HAY RAKE

HAYING TOOLS OF ALL KINDS.

P. & W.'s Ensilage Corn, and Seeds of all Forage Crops.

Paris Green, Slug Shot, Paris Green Sifters.

Lawn Requisites, Ice Cream Freezers.

Sharpening and Repairing Lawn Mowers a Specialty

Stowell's Sweet Fodder Corn, White Southern Corn, Hungarian Millet, Golden Millet,

All at Reasonable Prices.

SEEDS, PLANTS, VINES,

All Kinds.

Paris Green, Slug Shot, Hellebore,

Will Kill all Kinds of Insect Pests.

Agents for Chase's Improved Hay Caps.

EVAN'S HORSE CORN PLANTER,

ALL KINDS SEED SOWERS.

"ECLIPSE" HORSE HOE takes the lead.

Haying Tools, all kinds, best quality.

AT THE OLD RELIABLE AGRICULTURAL STORE.

Send for our 224-page Illustrated Catalogue.

PARKER & WOOD, 49 No. Market St, Boston.

June18-1t

What Ails You?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indiscribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK. DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada, says: "About one year ago, being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. MOLLIE E. TAILOR, Cannelton, Ind., writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I gave it to my little girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

Dyspepsia.—Theresa A. Cass, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHWAW, of Sidney, Ohio, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Pellets and Golden Medical Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can also recommend it very highly."

DYSPEPSIA AND DEBILITY. Mrs. MELISSA ATWATER, of Steuben, Washington Co., Maine, says: "I addressed you in November, 1884, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised by you to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using your medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I feel grateful to you for what you have done me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE. Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, Columbus, Kans., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised by you to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Favorite Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my str

The Poet's Corner.

DR. HOLMES'S ODE.

[Read at the Dedication of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital at Hudson, Wis., June 7.]

Angel of love, for every grief,
Its soothing balm thy mercy brings,
For every pang its healing leaf,
For homeless want, thine outspread wing.

Enough for thee the pleading eye,
The knitted brow of silent pain;
The portals open to a sigh
Without the clunk of bolt or chain.

Who is our brother? He that lies
Left at the wayside, bruised and sore;
His need our open hand supplies,
His welcome waits him at our door.

Not ours to ask in freezing tones
His race, his calling, or his creed;
Each heart the tie of kinship owns,
When these are human veins that bleed.

Here stand the champions to defend
From every wound that flesh can feel,
Here science, patience, skill, shall blend
To save, to calm, to help, to heal.

Father of Mercies? Weak and frail,
Thy guiding hand thy children ask;
Let not the Great Physician fail
To aid us in our holy task.

Source of all truth and love and light,
Thet warm and cheer our earthly days,
Be ours to serve thy will aright,
Be thine the glory and the praise!

Ladies' Department.

AN EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.

The Curious Sequel to a Libel Suit.

[From the London Truth.]

There is nothing in life easier than to edit a newspaper. A little knowledge of the world, a nice critical perception, a pen equal to any emergency—these are the only indispensable quailfications. So, at least, think many people who dabble in literature; and so thought Dr. Julius Fripp, when, after contributing for many years to one periodical and another, he invested all of his available funds in the purchase of the Speculator newspaper, and installed himself in the editor's chair.

Strange to say, the result did not altogether correspond with Dr. Fripp's expectations. The Speculator had been originally started as an organ of advanced thought, but at the time Dr. Fripp appeared on the scene it had all but speculated itself out of existence. The Doctor (Fripp had picked up a degree early in life during a sojourn in Germany, and always made a point of wearing it) saw that the title of the paper was not inapplicable to commerce as to philosophy, and he accordingly started the Speculator on a new basis as a financial journal and guide for investors.

He introduced into it at the same time many novel and striking journalistic ideas, which might have been expected to make the fortune of any newspaper. The public, however, took no better to the new Speculator than to the old. The circulation (small at the paper afloat for a time (it is an astonishing thing how long advertisers will remain faithful to a paper which nobody reads); but the circulation fell lower and lower, until at last Dr. Fripp perceived that, unless vitality could be restored somehow, his editorial days were numbered. In this extremity only one hope suggested itself to him, and that was fresh blood, coupled with fresh funds. Actuated by this idea, the doctor one day made it known through the columns of the Times that an admirable opportunity occurred for a gentleman with from £500 to £1000 to assist in developing an old-established newspaper, certain to yield a lucrative return.

The answers were more numerous than satisfactory. The writers offered experience, ability, and even genius, some gratis, some on highly exorbitant terms; but capital, somehow, held aloof. After going through all his answers, the doctor could only see one which looked at all like business, and that was a laconic epistle which simply requested an interview, for the purpose of discussing details. This could, at any rate, be no harm in seeing this correspondent; so Fripp wrote and made the desired appointment.

The hour came and the man. To Dr. Fripp's surprise the card which was handed in bore a name quite familiar to him, though he had never yet met the owner of it. The name was that of Mr. Silas P. Walker, a citizen of the United States, and known to Dr. Fripp as the principal, if not the sole, proprietor of "Watha, the Great Indian Remedy." This famous medicine had lately been introduced to the notice of the British public by every means known to the world. To tell the truth, the doctor had been for some time past doing his best to get in an amount of some £70 odd due to him for advertisements of the Great Indian Remedy. This made him all the more surprised to see his visitor.

"I had better tell you at once, Mr. Walker," he said, "that unless you are prepared to advance or find the amount named in my advertisement, our interview will be a waste of time.

"Don't be in too much of a hurry, Mr. Fripp," replied the American coolly. "Now suppose I was to tell you that I have got an idea which—"

"Oh d—n ideas!" replied the editor, with pardonable impatience, for he felt that he had a much larger stock of the article on hand than he could find any market for. "I ask for cash, and every fool in London offers me ideas."

"May be," responded Mr. Walker, with no trace of annoyance. "But I bet no fool's been offering you an idea like mine."

"Perhaps not. But, for the present, please understand that I consider myself competent to conduct my own paper in my own way."

"Anyhow," said Mr. Walker blandly, "you have got into low water, I reckon, and want a shove off. Now, I have been looking into this paper of yours, and see you have been trying a good many notions. But there is one thing I guess you have not tried, and that is a libel action."

"And don't want to!" retorted the editor. "Even if I did, it would require capital, and that I haven't got."

"Require capital! Why, I tell you, sir, a libel action is capital. Just look here, Mr. Fripp. I can show you how to run a lawsuit that'll be worth the thousand pounds you are asking for, and more than that, and won't cost you a penny. But it's to my benefit as much as yours. Therefore, you need not hear any more unless you like. Only say the word, and I take my scheme round to old Sol. Levy."

Now, Mr. Solomon Levy, to whom Mr. Walker referred, was the editor of that flourishing financial journal, Mammon, and between the two editors there existed, as the American well knew an internecine feud. Mr. Walker's last threat had, therefore, all the effect which that gentleman expected. Fripp suddenly remembered that politeness costs nothing, and requested his visitor to explain his plan more fully.

"That is soon done," said Mr. Walker. "The thing is simplicity itself. All you have to do is to libel me in the Speculator."

"Libel you!" exclaimed the astonished editor.

"Libel the Great Indian Remedy—it's the same thing. I bring my action against you. For obvious reasons, each of us conducts his own case, and if we don't puff ourselves and the Speculator and the remedy on a scale never before attempted, call me—"

"What about costs?" asked Fripp, impressed in spite of himself by the idea.

"Costs won't come to much. No counsel's fees, you observe. As for the rest, if you win, you are all right. If you don't, I give you beforehand any security you like for the amount of your costs."

"And suppose you recover damages?"

"I shan't go for heavy damages—only want to vindicate my character and clear the reputation of the remedy. But in case they give me a verdict, we can have an agreement before we begin, which will cover costs and damages too, if you like, so as to make you safe."

Fripp considered. He was fully alive to the value of a sensational libel case, and Mr. Walker's plan seemed to offer all this advantage, with a minimum of risk and cost. Besides this, he was growing desperate under the failure of his venture, and felt that he could afford to miss no chance of bringing the Speculator before the public. He therefore condescended to discuss the matter at some length, and before they parted the two gentlemen had arrived at a pretty clear understanding.

Within a few weeks of the foregoing conversation, the attention of every one in the kingdom who was likely to have money to invest—especially country clergymen and ladies of independent means—was directed to the prospectus of the Watha Company, limited. The object of this interprise was to purchase from Messrs Walker & Guteschwindel of Chicago and London all their rights in the Great Indian Remedy. The prospectus was eloquent on the virtues of the remedy, the secret of Guteschwindel, obtained at enormous cost and personal danger, from the medicine man of the great Choctaw tribe. Among the directors were several peers whose names were household words in the city, together with officers of high rank in the army and navy equally know to fame. Altogether the prospectus was a highly attractive document, and was received with various degrees of favor by those portions of the press which interest themselves in such matters.

There was one journal, however, which selected the Watha Company for unmeasured denunciation, and that journal was the Speculator. In article after article, and paragraph after paragraph, Dr. Fripp declared the promotion of the company to be a fraud, and Silas P. Walker no better than a swindler. The Great Indian Remedy, he asserted, was a filthy concoction likely to kill quite as many people as it cured; the testimonials were forgeries; the miraculous cures were invented by Silas P. Walker. As for the great Guteschwindel and his adventures among the Choctaws, the doctor held them up to derision, and even went so far as to doubt whether the famous traveller had ever existed in the flesh. All this was very funny, and Fripp was highly gratified at the success of his scheme when he found that the circulation of the Speculator was looking up. But it was a sort of thing which no man who valued his reputation—not even a company-promoter—could sit quiet under. No one was, therefore, in the least surprised to hear that Mr. Silas P. Walker had commenced an action against the Speculator for libel.

The interval before the case came on for trial was not neglected by either of the parties to the action. So successful, in fact, were they in drawing public attention to their dispute that when at last Mr. Justice Littleknapp and a special jury took their places to try Walker vs. Fripp, there was every indication in court of an impending cause célebre. The public galleries were pretty full; the seats allotted to witnesses were packed to suffocation with a motley crowd of every age, rank, and nationality; while, to the gratification of the sightseers, several eminent ornaments of church and state were accommodated with seats upon the bench.

No sooner was the case called on than Silas P. Walker was on his legs, and there he remained for two or three hours. Those who are curious to learn what he said may do so in the files of the Speculator, where (by agreement between the parties) the trial was reported verbatim. Enough for the present to say that, having described Herr Guteschwindel's great discovery, the miraculous cures wrought by it, and the origin of the libel, which he traced to unscrupulous quacks, who saw their nostrums threatened with extinction, Mr. Walker proceeded to call his witnesses. He would begin, he said, with those who he knew attended at some inconvenience. Accordingly, he called the Archbishop of Lambeth, and amid breathless interest his grace was sworn on the bench,—gaiters and all.

"What can the archbishop prove in this case?" asked Justice Littleknapp, who on principle, always slept through the opening speech, but woke up with marvellous dexterity when the first witness was called.

"I may say that I have asked Mr. Walker the same question, my lord, said the archbishop. "I attend on subpœna, but I confess that I do not know—"

"My lord, as I have told the jury," said Mr. Walker, "this is a case of vast public importance, in which the happiness of millions of suffering humanity is at the stake. For that reason, I have felt it a public duty to procure the very highest evidence obtainable."

"But what does the archbishop know about your medicine?" asked the judge.

"That is just what I am going to ask him, my lord. Have you," said Mr. Walker, turning to the archbishop, "received by post a bottle of the Great Indian Remedy?"

"I have."

"And did you subsequently take a certain quantity of the remedy in accordance with the instructions marked upon the bottle?"

"I think I ought first to explain," said the archbishop, turning to the judge, "that I received a letter from this gentleman, in which he requested—"

"I am afraid we cannot hear anything about a letter from this gentleman, "replied the judge. "Did you take any of the medicine?"

"I did."

"And did you," asked Mr. Walker, "find yourself in any way the worse for it?"

"I cannot say that I did." Upon which Mr. Walker sat down.

"Or any better for it?" asked Dr. Fripp, rising to cross-examine.

"I cannot say that either," replied the archbishop, amid some laughter.

"I suppose, in the course of a year, your grace receives a good many presents of this kind."

"Many hundreds, and they all want testimonials."

"I hope that they are not all going to subpœna your grace to give evidence," observed the judge, at which there was more laughter.

"You say you were not any better for the remedy," said Mr. Walker, his opponent having sat down. "Was there anything the matter with you when you took it?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then you could hardly have been the better for it," continued the aggrieved plaintiff with a knowing look at the jury. "And you have enjoyed perfect health since you took the remedy?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you." Now, I call General Lord Dongola."

Lord Dongola, who also attended on subpœna, admitted that he, too, had received by post a bottle of Watha, but denied that he had taken any of the remedy.

"I need scarcely ask a soldier like yourself whether he is usually in pretty good health?"

His lordship said he was.

"Don't trouble the doctors much, in general way, I suppose?"

The great soldier shook his head, and the spectators tittered.

"Now, have you taken any other medicine since you received ours?"

"I believe not."

"That will do, thank you."

The defendant having put a few questions to Lord Dongola, Mr. Walker next called Lord Berry Charlesford.

"Really there must be some limit to this," said Mr. Justice Littleknapp. "You may have sent bottles of your stuff to everybody in London—"

"I believe I have, my lord," observed the unabashed Mr. Walker.

"Very possibly; but we cannot have them all here to give evidence."

"My lord," replied the plaintiff, "I only propose to call a few individuals whose position places their evidence above suspicion."

"What do you mean by a few individuals?" inquired the judge.

"Let me see," Mr. Walker said, referring to a list. "I have three eminent ministers of different denominations, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, the ex-chancellor of the exchequer, half a dozen members of the Royal Society, the Poet Laureate, the chairman of the Metropolitan Rail—"

"My lord, if it will save time of the court," interposed Dr. Fripp, "I am quite willing to admit that all these gentlemen have swallowed the plaintiff's mixture, and that they are still alive."

"Very proper. This is quite enough for you at present," said the judge to the plaintiff. "You shall have an opportunity of calling some of these gentlemen afterwards if it be necessary. It is my duty to see that the public time is not wasted. As it is now nearly ten minutes to four, I shall adjourn till tomorrow." And without waiting for further argument, his lordship hurried out of court, and the first day's proceedings came to an end.

The newspaper reports of the case caused the court to be crowded to suffocation on the second morning, when the specators were rewarded by the appearance in the flesh of the heroic Guteschwindel, who went into the box and answered his calumniator by telling in detail the story of his discovery. A very wonderful story it was. It filled two columns in the next day's papers and Silas P. Walker said it would have been dirt cheap at a hundred guineas a column. After Guteschwindel, the plaintiff began on what he called his "miraculous cures." One by one the quondam sufferers gave their testimony to the virtues of the great remedy, and might have gone on doing so till the long vacation, for Mr. Walker had a hotel full of them in the Strand; but before that limit was reached Mr. Justice Littleknapp again intervened.

The trial had been going on in this way for two or three days, or more, when Mr. Solomon Levy, the proprietor of Mammon, hurried into the room of Mr. Hamilton Twigg, his manager and factotum. Mr. Levy had returned hastily from business in the provinces, and seemed a good deal ruffled.

"I say, Twigg, you have let that beggar Fripp, steal a march on us this time, confound you!" he cried.

"Not so sure about that," replied Twigg, coolly.

"I am though. Here he is, advertising himself day after day as the champion of financial integrity, and all the world listening. It'll be worth thousands to him."

"Think so?"

"Think so! Have you seen the evidence Walker called yesterday about the circulation of the Speculator? Here's a chap from the office who swears that they are doing 30,000 per week; and then there are people who say that they have read the libel in all parts of the kingdom, not to mention America, and not a word of it contradicted!"

"I know. And what do you think it all means? I believe that it's a got-up thing between Walker and Fripp."

"And a deuced well got-up thing, too, if that's all! Why the——couldn't we have got it up!"

"Because I think I know a trick worth two of that."

"You! What do you mean?"

"Wait and see," was Mr. Twigg's oracular response.

Mr. Levy had no alternative but to wait, and this is what he saw.

The Watha trial ran its course. Dr. Fripp made a very good fight of it, and called a good deal of evidence to show that the Great Indian Remedy was all humbug. But he was over-matched all along the line. The judged summed up dead against him, the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for £1000, and most people thought it was no more than Walker deserved.

Before, however, this result was arrived at numerous creditors of Mr. Walker, perhaps anticipating his success, had become very pressing in their attentions. Among them was Mr. Solomon Levy, who held Walker's overdue acceptance for the sum of £243 17s 4d for advertisements of the Great Indian Remedy to the columns of Mammon. Owing to the strain on his resources caused by the current expense of the trial, Mr. Walker found himself quite unable to meet this demand, and was compelled to allow judgement to go against him by default. The result was that no sooner was the verdict delivered in the Watha case than Dr. Fripp found himself served, at the instance of Mr. Levy, with that convenient legal process known as a garnishee order, attaching in his hands the amount of the damages in satisfaction of Levy's judgement against Walker.

This put Dr. Fripp in a fix. It was true that, in accordance with their original understanding, an agreement had been drawn up between himself and Walker providing for the costs of the action and whatever damages might be recovered. But to produce this document to the proprietor of Mammon was obviously fatal. Equally impossible was it to find the sum attached. In this dilemma Dr. Fripp took the only course which would enable him to save his honor as a journalist, and filed his petition in bankruptcy. The unexpected result of the great libel case, therefore, was that the Speculator, the only available asset in Fripp's bankruptcy ultimately passed into the hands of Mr. Levy who at once amalgamated it with his own journal.

Mr. Silas P. Walker had less cause for dissatisfaction than his fellow-conspirator. The virtues of Watha are now established beyond all dispute, as any skeptic may see for himself by purchasing a bottle and reading thereon the testimony of a score of unimpeachable witnesses and of dozens of "miraculous cures," all given on oath in a court of justice.

SYMPATHY.

Friend, art thou drowning? So am I.
Hold by my hand.
Nearer is my vain help, than help
From yonder land.

Friend, art thou starving? So, too, I.
Therefore I come
To thee—not to the overfed—
To ask a crumb.

Friend, hast thou nothing? Less have I.
Yet beggared ones
Give more to those who beg, than e'er
Earth's richest sons.

[Grace D. Litchfield in London Freeman.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

[Translated from Count Leon Tolstoi in the Cosmopolitan.]

God knows the truth but he does not at once make it manifest.

In the city of Vladimir lived a young merchant named Askenov. He owned two stores and a dwelling-house. Askenov was attractive in person, blonde, curly-headed, and a lover of jollity and song. He drank in his youth, and when intoxicated he quarrelled. But when once married he drank very rarely. One day in summer he decided to attend the fair at Nijni-Novogorod. As he was bidding his family farewell, his wife said to him:—

"Ivan do not go to-day; I had a bad dream about you."

Askenov began to laugh, and replied: "You fear I will commit some folly at the fair."

His wife answered: "I do not know myself exactly know what I fear; only I had a bad dream. I saw you as you came from the city. You took off your cap, and all at once I saw that your head was quite white."

Askenov began to laugh more cheerily still. "Ah well! it is a good sign," he said. "I shall do good business, and will bring you a beautiful present."

So he took leave of his family and departed. Midway on his journey he met an acquaintance, a merchant, with whom he lodged that night. They drank tea together, and went to sleep in adjoining rooms. Askenov was not a heavy sleeper. He awoke in the middle of the night, and, to travel more comfortably in the coolness of the morning, aroused the postilion, and ordered him to put the horses before the wagon. Then he entered the dim office, paid the landlord, and went away.

After having travelled 40 miles, he stopped again to feed the horses, rested himself at the hotel, went out upon the doorstep and had his samovar prepared. He took a guitar and began to play. All at once a troika with its spirited arrives. A state functionary with two soldiers descends, approaches Askenov, and inquires of him who he is and whither he is going. Askenov excuses himself from replying, but asks him to take some tea. The official, however, continues to press his questions. Where had he slept the night before? Was he alone with the merchant? Why had he left the inn so precipitantly?

Askenov, surprised by these interrogations, related what had taken place, then said; "Why do you ask me so many questions? I am neither a thief nor a brigand. I am travelling on my own business, and no one has a right to question me."

The official then called his soldiers and replied: "I am a police commissioner, and if I question you it is because the merchant with whom you passed the night was murdered. Show your baggage—and you others, search it."

They entered the hotel-office, took his trunk and satchel, opened them, and in the latter found a knife. The officer exclaimed, "Whose is this knife?"

Askenov turned to look, saw a blade covered with blood, and became terror-stricken.

"And why this blood on this knife?"

Askenov tried to reply, but he could not utter a word.

"I—I do not know—I—. A knife—I—It is not mine," he stammered at last.

The police commissioner said: "This morning the merchant was found murdered in bed. No one except yourself could have committed the crime. The rooms were locked from the inside, and within was no one but you and he. Moreover, a knife covered with blood has been found in your bag. Besides, your crime can be read in your face. Confess now at once how you killed him, and how much money you stole."

Askenov called God to witness that he was not guilty; that he had not seen the merchant after taking tea with him; that he had only his own money, eight thousand roubles, and that the knife was not his. But his voice was husky, his face had become pale, and he trembled like a criminal.

The officers called his soldiers, and ordered them to bind him and place him in the carriage. When they had done so, Askenov, with his feet in irons, crossed himself and began to weep. They took away all his effects, with his money, and put him in prison in the neighboring city.

An inquest was held at Vladimir. All the merchants and inhabitants declared that Askenov, though he had been in the habit of drinking and amusing himself when a young man, was regarded as an honorable person. Then the matter came before the courts. He was accused of having murdered the merchant Riazan, and of having robbed him of 20,000 roubles.

His wife was in despair, and knew not what to think. Her children were all small, one of them still at the breast. She took them all with her, and went to the city where her husband was imprisoned. At first they refused to let her see him; but as she insisted, she was allowed that privilege. When she saw him in his prison clothes, shackled, and mingling with robbers, she fell to the ground, and some time passed before she came to herself again. Then she gathered her children about her, seated herself by Askenov's side, told him of what was going on at home, and asked him to relate how his misfortune had come about. He told her all, and she asked: "What is to be done now?"

"We must supplicate to the czar," he replied; "for it cannot be that the innocent should be punished."

His wife then told him that she had already sent a petition to the czar; "but it could not have been sent to him," she said.

Askenov made no reply but remained overwhelmed.

His wife said: "My dream was not in vain. Do You remember it? I saw you with white hair. It will now become white with grief. You ought not to have gone that time."

She began to stroke his hair with her hand, and said: "My dear Ivan, speak the truth to your wife. Was it not you who killed him?"

Askenow replied: "And you, also, think so!" He laid his face in his hands and wept.

A soldier appeared. He told the wife and children that it was time for them to go, and Askenov bade his family farewell for the last time. When his wife was gone he mentally reviewed his conversation with her. Recollecting that she also had asked him if he had not murdered the merchant, he said to himself: "God alone knows the truth. Him I must implore. I will await his mercy." And from that moment he ceased to ask for human aid, lifted up his soul in hope, and prayed continually to God.

Askenov was sentenced to the knout, and then to hard labor for life. The sentence was carried out. He was beaten with the knout, and when his wounds were healed they sent him, with other life convicts, to Siberia. There Askenov remained at hard labor for 26 years. His hair became white as snow, and his long gray beard hung limply from his face. All his gayety disappeared. He began to stoop and to lag in his gait. He spoke but little, and never laughed. He frequently prayed to God. In prison he learned to make shoes, and with the money thus earned bought a book of martyrs, which he read when there was light in his dungeon. On festal days he attended the prison chapel, read the apostles, and sang in the choir. He never lost his beautiful voice. The officials loved him for his docility; his companions held him in high regard, called him "grandfather" and "man of God." When the convicts demanded anything, it was always Askenov who was made to present their request. When the prisoners quarreled, it was again Askenov whom they choose as arbitrator. No one wrote him from home, and Askenov knew not whether his wife and children were still living.

One day new convicts were taken to the prison. In the evening the old ones asked of the new from what cities or villages they came, and for what causes. Askenov also approached and with inclined head listened to what was said. One of the new convicts was an old man of 60 years, tall in stature, and with a gray, trimmed beard. He related the reasons for his doom.

"It is thus, my brothers," he said, "that have sent me here for nothing. I detached a horse from a sleigh; they seized me, saying I stole it. And I—I replied: 'I only wished to travel more rapidly; you see indeed that I have let the horse loose. 'No,' they said; 'you have stolen it,' but they knew neither where nor when I had stolen it. To be sure I was guilty of misdeeds, which ought to have sent me here long before, but they could never surprise me in the act. And now they have brought me here contrary to all law. Now, listen. I have already been in Siberia. But I did not remain here long."

"Whence do you come?" asked one of the convicts.

"I am from the city of Vladmir. I am a small shopkeeper of that place. My name is Makar."

Askenov raised his head and asked: "Have you not heard the merchant Askenov spoken of at Vladmir? Are they still alive?"

"Why, to be sure. But they are rich merchants, although their father is in Siberia; he must have sinned like the rest of us."

Askenov did not like to speak on the subject of his misfortune. He sighed and said: "It is for my sins that I have been in prison for twenty-six years."

Makar asked, "For what sins?"

"I merit my punishment," responded Askenov, simply.

He would say nothing more. But the other convicts related to the newly-arrived why Askenov found himself in Siberia; how some one, during the journey, had murdered the merchant and placed a bloody knife among Askenov's baggage; and how, by reason of that, he had been unjustly condemned. Hearing this, Makar cast a glance upon Askenov, struck his knees with his hands and exclaimed:

"Oh, what a wonder! This is a miracle. Ah, you have grown quite old, grandfather!"

They asked why he was so astonished; where he had seen Askenov. But Makar did not reply; he merely said; "It is a miracle, brothers, that fate has re-united us here."

These expressions convinced Askenov that this man must be the assassin, and he said to him: "Have you heard this affair spoken of before, Makar; or have you indeed seen me elsewhere than here?"

"What? I have heard it spoken of. The earth is full of ears. But it is a long time since that affair took place, and I have forgotten the particulars they told me."

"Perhaps you learned who killed the merchant?" asked Askenov.

Maker began to laugh, and said: "As it was in your bag the knife was found, you doubtless killed him yourself. If it should be that some one else put the knife there—why, not caught, not a thief. And, moreover, how could he have placed the knife in your bag? You had it under your head. You must have heard."

On hearing these words, Askenow perceived clearly that he was the person who had killed the merchant. He arose and went away. All that night Askenov could not sleep. He fell into profound listlessness, and dreamed dreams. Now it was his wife he saw as she appeared at the time of that last fair. He saw her still alive, her face, her eyes; he heard her speak and laugh; now it was his children who appeared to him as they then were, all small, one in a fur cloak and the other at the breast. He saw himself as he then was, young, lively, seated and playing the guitar on the door-step of the tavern, where he was arrested. And he was reminded of the infamous place where they had whipped him, of the executioner, of the crowd round about, the irons, convicts, and of the twenty-six years he had spent in prison. He thought of his old age, and a desire to take his own life seized upon Askenov.

"And all this on account of that brigand!" he thought.

He felt such a passion of wrath against Makar coming over him, that he would have been willing to perish that hour could he be revenged upon him. He prayed all night without be able to calm himself. The next morning he did not approach nor look at Makar.

Fifteen days passed thus. Askenov could not sleep at night, and during the day he felt such a weariness that he knew not what to do with himself. One night, as he was walking up down in the prison, he perceived that earth was being thrown from under one of the planks used as a bed. He stopped to see what was going on, and all at once Makar came quickly from beneath the bed, and looked at Askenov with an expression of terror. The latter wished to pass on to avoid looking at him; but Makar seized him by the hand, and told him how he was digging a tunnel under the wall, how he was in the habit of filling his boots with the earth thrown up and emptying it in the street every morning when they were taken out to work. He added:—

"Only keep quiet, old man. I will take you with me. If you expose me I will be whipped to the last extremity, but you will pay for it. I will kill you!"

Looking at him who had ruined him, Askenov trembled with anger. He drew away his hand, and said: "I do not desire to escape, and you will have no need to murder me. You have already killed me a long time ago. Whether I shall expose you or not is for God to decide."

The next morning, when the convicts were taken to work, the soldiers noticed that Makar emptied earth from his boots. An investigation was made in the prison, and the tunnel was discovered. The overseer came and demanded to know who had excavated it. Everybody denied all knowledge of the matter. Those who knew, did not wish to betray Makar, as he would be whipped "half-dead" for his offence. The chief then addressed himself to Askenov.

"Old man," he said, "you who are an upright fellow, tell me who has done this."

Maker remained impassable, looking at the superintendent without turning toward Askenov. As to the latter, his arms and his lips trembled, he could not say a word.

"Shall I remain silent?" he thought. "But why pardon him, since it is he who ruined my life? Let him pay for my tortures. Shall I speak? True, they will whip him nearly to death, and if it should not be he, if he should not be the assassin I suspect him to be—and then, would it be any solace to me?"

The chief repeated his demand. Askenov looked at Makar, and replied:

"I cannot tell, your highness; God does not permit me, and I shall not tell you. Do with me as you please. You are my master."

Notwithstanding every effort of the chief, Askenov said no more. Thus it was that no one knew who had dug the tunnel.

The following night, as Askenov was reclining upon his plank-bed trying to sleep, he heard some one approach and place himself at his feet. Through the obscurity he recognized Maker. Askenov said to him:—

"Have you still further need of me? What are you doing there?"

Makar remained silent, and Askenov raised himself up saying: "What do you want? Go away, or I will call the watchman."

Makar hung over Askenov and whispered in his ear: "Ivan, Askenov, forgive me."

"Why? What should I forgive you?"

"It was I who murdered the merchant, and I put the knife in your bag! I intended to kill you also, but some one made a noise in the yard. I placed the knife in your bag, and escaped by the window."

Askenov remained silent, and knew not what to say.

Makar slipped from the bed, prostrated himself on the earth, and said:—

"Ivan Askenov, pardon me; in the name of God, pardon me! I will declare that I killed the merchant; they will set you at liberty, and you can return home."

And Askenov replied: "That is easily said. But I, I have suffered here too long. Where should I go now? My wife is dead; my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go."

Maker, still prostrated and striking the earth with his head, said: "Ivan, pardon me. If I had been beaten with the knout, that would have been less painful than to see you thus. And you still had pity on me; you did not expose me. Pardon me, in the name of Christ, pardon a wretched malefactor!" And he began to sob.

Hearing Makar weeping, Askenov himself also began to weep.

"God will pardon you. Perhaps I am a hundred times worse than you."

And he felt a sudden joy flooding his soul. He ceased from that moment to grieve over his home, and no longer desired to leave his prison. He thought only of his last hour.

Makar would not listen to Askenov, and declared himself the guilty one. When the order came to restore Askenov to liberty, he was already dead.

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A QUEER STORY.

A Concise Account of a Nobleman's Experience with an Actress.

The British nobleman who finds, as from many causes he may, that his hereditary revenues are insufficient to meet his hereditary requirments, has not means open to him of supplying the deficiency. Laws as sacred as those of the Medes and Persians forbid him to become a butcher, a pawnbroker, or a licensed victualler. He may not even start as a coal merchant unless he has collieries of his own. Thus the more certain roads to wealth are one and all closed to him; and when he has looked at the reed, he will probably find that he must either fly in the face of all precedent or become one of three things—namely, a common promoter, a threatrical manager or a cab proprietor. Do not, then, let us be hard on Hubert, third Earl of Doldally, if up to the age of five and thirty his lordship has not found any better field for the exercise of his undoubted abilities than a succession of more or less unremunerative theatrical speculations.

At the same time, it must be owned that Lord Doldally took very kindly to this particular kind of business. From his youth up his lordship had aspired to be a patron of the drama and early in life he became known as an habitue of those houses where burlesques and comic operas were played. Nor was it long before he found his way behind the scenes. Here he made himself very agreeable. No frequenter of that region was more lavish in his presents of boquets and jewelry and, whether owing to his title, his good looks or his pleasant ways, no one found his attentions received with greater favor. Being thus popular—at least with one-half of the profession—what more natural than that, on discovering an immediate necessity for supplementing his existing sources somehow, Lord Doldally should have started a theatre of his own?

Seeing what a malicious world we live in, it is not surprising that the kind of life Lord Doldally adopted exposed himself to some scandal. Perhaps he could not help it if, in his capacities of patron and manager, he was on familiar friendly terms with more than one fair ornament on the boards. An actress is only human, and is therefore no more to be condemned for setting her cap at a peer than any maiden on the other side of the footlights, while, even if she has no matrimonial ambition, and aspires to nothing higher than new dresses, diamonds or dinners at Richmond, these, after all, are common feminine weaknesses. Whether, however, Lord Doldally was to blame or was merely the innocent victim of his personal and hereditary attractions, the fact remains that his connection with the theatre gave rise to many stories not wholly to his credit.

It was, therefore, a source of supreme joy to that excellent woman, the Dowager Lady Doldally, when she succeeded in arranging a match between her son and Miss McNeillar, only daughter of the eminent Scotch banker and M. P. of that name. Though Lord Doldally had not hitherto regarded himself as a marrying man, his motives in assenting to this arrangment were not difficult to fathom. He was thirty-five years of age; the theatrical speculations had not by any means justified his expectations of them, and McNeillar's ideas on the subject of settlements were highly agreeable to his son-in-law elect.

Having married and paid his debts, the Earl of Doldally terminated his connection with the drama for a time, and he might have done so for good had circumstances been more favorable. But Lady Doldally was an invalid and had to spend a greater part of her time at her house in Devonshire or in the South of France. Further, her ladyship was a rigid presbyterian. She regarded theatres as the temples of Satan, and even when in London, during the earlier days of her married life, she refused to accompany her husband to any places of public entertainment. Thus Lord Doldally, when senatorial or other duties brought him to town, found himself thrown very much on his own resources, and he therefore naturally resumed his patronage of the drama. Needless to say, in thus returning to the scenes of his younger days, he was soon behind the scenes again, chaffing the gentlemen and flirting with the ladies. There were very few houses where his lordship was not heartily welcome, but the one at which he was most often to be seen was the Melpomene, the lease of which he had formerly held himself, and which provided one of the best entertainments in London.

At this time all the world was flocking to the Melpomene to see Miss Marguerite Lennox, who was playing the title part in a highly successful comic opera. This beautiful and talented young lady was new to London and also to the Earl of Doldally. His lordship, of course, knew her name, for she had been on the stage several years, during the last few of which she had become highly popular in the provinces. But it so happened that Lord Doldally had never seen her during her provincial successes, and her first appearance in leading parts in London had occurred during the period of his temporary retirement from theatrical circles. A couple of seasons on the metropolitan stage had placed Miss Lennox very nearly at the top of her particular branch of the theatrical tree. Her photographs were in all the shop-windows. Men raved about her beauty; women raved also, but some one made a noise in the yard. I placed the knife in your bag, and escaped by the window."

Askenov remained silent, and knew not what to say.

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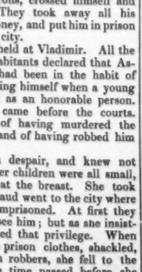

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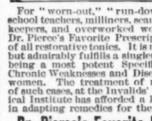

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